

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by J. THOMSON,

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.

THE DISAPPEARING YOKEL.

THIS article does not refer, as one might perhaps be inclined at first sight to think, to an ingenious conjuring trick on the lines of the "vanishing lady" and the many other startling illusions with which sightseers are familiar, but to a class of man, the genuine son of the soil, now rapidly becoming extinct before the extension of the railway system, the advance of the School Board (and its rates), and the other refinements of civilisation with which the end of the nineteenth century provides us. The rustic, in fact, whose life is so beautifully described in Gray's incomparable "Elegy," the humble agricultural labourer whose horizon was bounded by the village in which he lived, whose universe consisted of the few acres on which his lot was cast, and for whom the great world outside was practically non-existent. Perhaps, too, the term "yokel," used for want of a better, hardly expresses the writer's meaning quite fully, as "Nuttall's Dictionary" explains yokel to be "a bumpkin," and your country bumpkin of to-day differs in many essential respects from his father and grandfather. His own small village, as often as not, provides insufficient excitement and entertainment for him; he has been known to go on exploring expeditions two, perhaps three, villages away to see for himself more of that beautiful world of which he has heard; he has been to the nearest market town more than once, and instances are on record—rare cases these—of his having taken advantage of a cheap excursion to London to venture into the metropolis itself. He is then a traveller indeed, a bucolic Hadji, whose pilgrimage, if it does not entitle him to wear the sacred turban, earns for him the respectful awe due to an adventurous spirit who has penetrated into the busy haunts of men as much unknown, except by hearsay, to his humble relations and friends as the planet Mars. But the genuine rustic of a former generation knew nothing of these things. In his day locomotion was difficult and expensive, he was born, lived, toiled, and died in the same small out-of-the-way village in which his whole interest was centred, and of what went on outside its narrow boundaries he knew nothing, and cared less. If he was not christened "Willum," or "Jarge," or "Tummas," he was probably decorated with a ponderous name selected from the Bible by his simple, pious parents—Enoch, Obadiah, or Ebenezer for choice. His education might be called a game of "prapses"—perhaps he got some, perhaps he didn't, but he usually didn't, for as soon as he was old enough the financial exigencies of the household compelled him to earn his own living, and he found employment in scaring the birds which wrought such sad havoc with Farmer Giles's corn. Then, as he progressed—well, if not in wisdom, at least in stature—he got on to tending the farm horses, assisting the plough-

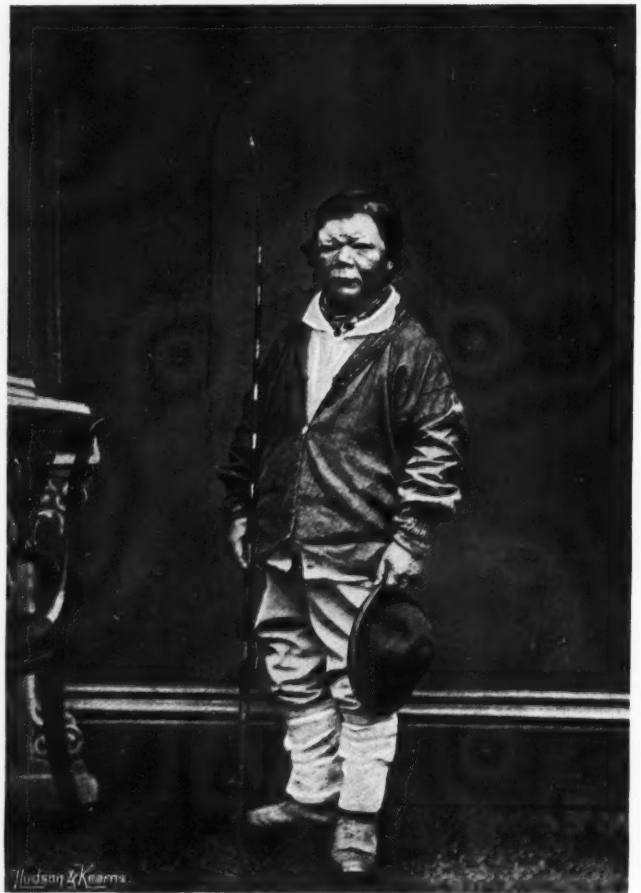


Photo. Spaulding, GIMME OSSSES, SAYS I!

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man, and eventually, perhaps, reached the summit of his ambition and became a ploughman himself; he married, begat children, and toiled early and late until old age or infirmity laid him by the heels, and he was compelled to lay by, and his place was filled by another. Although rapidly passing away, there are some of this older generation still remaining, and interesting subjects they are for study.

Let us take a typical case. Although he has no clearly-defined views on political matters, unless it be a rooted objection to "furriners," and Frenchmen in particular, with whom, he believes, as our natural enemies, Englishmen are, or ought to be, continually at war—an idea evidently inherited from his father, and one which eighty years of peace has not eradicated from his slow-moving mind—he is, as might be expected, intensely conservative in his ideas of progress. He regards modern inventions and improvements with a contempt almost too deep for words. "'GIMME 'OSSSES,' SAYS I," remarked our friend whose portrait is here reproduced, "and 'ang they cycles." Of motor cars he had never heard, so that it was impossible to get his opinion on these newest and most formidable rivals to the 'osses he loves so well.

At election times, with the conspicuous deference paid to his opinions, he is full of importance. He almost invariably votes in opposition to his employer—a fact of which most canvassers in bucolic constituencies are well aware, and utilise to the benefit of their party. He has sometimes hazy ideas on the Ballot Act, and the security it affords for secret voting. "Whom did you vote for, Ephraim?" I asked a typical rustic after a recent election. But he was not to be caught. "Look 'ee 'ere, sir," he replied, "under the 'Ballard' Act I am liable to six months if I tells *anybody* how I voted, so it aint likely I am goin' to risk that by telling you."

His dress was, in the old days, more simple than elegant—made for use rather than show. His Sunday costume was a tall beaver hat and a long smock frock made of some un-wear-out-able material—inherited probably from his father and grandfather, and which would in due course descend to his son. Very picturesque these same smocks are, and, moreover, most beautiful specimens of needlework. The modern rustic, however, prefers to wear what Americans call "store clothes," and the beautiful art of smocking threatened



Photo. Spaulding, THREE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

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to become lost, until its advantage for the decoration of ladies' and children's dresses was discovered. It was thus happily saved from extinction, and there are many women, at any rate in Sussex, who now earn a living by smocking for decorative purposes.

His language, of course, varies according to the district from which he hails. In Essex, from which county came the subjects whose portraits are here presented, the chief characteristic is an utter disregard of the objective pronoun; the nominative case is almost invariably used, e.g., "Tell 'ee to drive they cows 'ome." Their Anglo-Saxon origin is clearly shown by such words as "housen" for houses, "flitter-meese" for bat, and so on, while traces of the Norman invasion linger in the shape of such pure French words as *patin* (pronounced "patten") for skate; and although the subject of language is too large to be dealt with in a short article, it is curious to note that, as with the cockney, the names of places ending with "minster" are a terrible stumbling-block. The "Westminster" of the London omnibus conductor is represented by the Upminster and Southminster of the Essex rustic.

But your old rustic is a worthy who is well entitled to our respect—his good qualities are many, his vices few. For hundreds of years he has tilled our fields; he has worked literally like a horse for a pittance on which it is difficult to believe a family could be supported; his sons have fought our battles for us in many quarters of the world; and shall we not keep a warm corner in our hearts for the simple old man who, after a life of constant toil and pinching poverty (his only riches are the fewness of his wants), has, in the evening of his days, when for him work is no longer possible, but little more to desire or hope for than that his children shall find him a corner in their humble cottage—the only alternative being the workhouse—wherein he may rest his weary bones, racked with rheumatism, the result of long years of exposure to all weathers, until the time shall come for him to take his place

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

CHARLES HUSSEY.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Volume I. of COUNTRY LIFE is now ready, containing 738 pages of reading matter, with 1,221 illustrations, printed on art paper. Cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; or, half morocco, 25s.

COUNTRY NOTES.

THE variable character of the weather during the past week has been most marked. Though, on the whole, it has been fine, and at times the sunshine has been of almost July warmth, there has been "a nipping and an eager air," which warns us of the closer approach of the autumn and winter season. On Saturday, 18th, the thermometer registered, at midday in London, only 54 degrees, no less than 13 degrees below the average, and a trifle lower than the coldest September day for the last three years. With the Equinox over, the last vestige of summer may be said to have passed away, and the trees will soon be clothed with those russet tints which, for the artistic eye, form one of the greatest charms the country-side, at all times beautiful, can show.

A contemporary newspaper correspondence, which has started with the very laudable object of promoting a legislative enactment to prevent foreign food products being sold as English, will do but little good unless it is followed by an effort to teach "the people," who, after all, are the chief consumers, that low price and cheapness are not synonymous terms. One of the contributors to this correspondence instances the fact that we pay £40,000,000 annually to the foreigner for dairy produce, the half at least of which should go to English agriculturists, with which everyone will agree; but in order that this very desirable end may be attained, much has to be done. Take the case of eggs. The farmer, or perhaps his wife, must first be impressed with the necessity of improving the method, or rather want of method, of egg collecting and despatch, which is only too common, and the egg purchaser, above all, must be taught that ten good English eggs are a better return for the outlay of twelve pence than the "shop 'uns at sixteen a shilling," which Mr. Middlewick knew so well.

If an organised and well-sustained effort be made to teach those interested—producers and purchasers alike—these and other necessary lessons, much good may be done, but without this effort an academic discussion on so trite a subject is worth little. There are, of course, difficulties, such as the different climatic conditions between England and Italy, which are entirely in favour of the foreign poultry rearer, but still it must be conceded that in this country the food products of our farms do not get the fair chance they ought to have, in consequence of many dealers selling as English, for the sake of enhanced profit, inferior articles of foreign origin.

There seems to be no prospect of a fall in the price of wheat. There have been trifling fluctuations, but the tendency seems rather for prices to stiffen than give way, and now that a brisk demand is springing up for seed wheat, the prime qualities are fetching prices with which the British farmer has for a long time been unfamiliar. A comparison of official returns of corn sold

and average prices obtained for the week ending September 18th with those for the corresponding period of last year, shows a rise in value of approximately 40 per cent., the exact figures being for 1897 33s. 10d., for 1896 24s., while for the quantity sold the percentage of increase this year over its predecessor is even higher. The enhanced price of bread, however, is not, perhaps, such an evil as some people would have us believe. Much more money is put into circulation, more labour is employed, and these causes must of necessity do much to mitigate the hardships of the "dear loaf."

At the farewell to Stoddart's Australian team, among several pretty sentiments, it was stated that the team was probably the strongest that had ever left England. The statement is an extreme one, and may be well objected to, but there are many arguments to support it. No less than six of the side have taken over 100 wickets this season in England, while four of the bowlers have also made much over 1,000 runs. Several other members of the team, notably Mason, are also useful change bowlers, and, other things being fairly equal, the side with the more all round cricketers is the superior. Further, Richardson is a *rara avis*, a phoenix that appears but seldom, and is sure to atone for his comparative failure in the last tour. Ranjitsinhji (who joins the party at Naples) is presumably almost the finest bat of the age, and with McLaren, Druce, and—if he can recover his form—Stoddart, makes a magnificent quartette of fast-scoring bats. Still, Abel, Jackson, Grace, and Gunn have been left behind, and with all these omitted the side is compelled to call itself English rather than England. May it fulfil expectations!

As it is the season of statistics, and the farewell to the cricket season, it may be of interest, for the sake of future comparison, to summarise the qualifications of the team in order of merit:—

	No. of runs.	Average.
N. F. Druce	928	51
A. C. McLaren	974	51
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	1,940	45
Hayward	1,368	38
Wainwright	1,612	35
Hirst	1,535	35
J. R. Mason	1,377	35
A. E. Stoddart	650	30
Storer	1,073	27
Board	870	22
Briggs	636	17
Hearne	349	13
Richardson	325	11

The average column looks sufficiently sterling, but is less impressive than the bowlers' figures, which are quite exceptional:—

	No. of wickets.	Average.
Richardson	273	14
Briggs	155	16
Hearne (J. T.)	173	17
Hayward	114	18
Mason	51	22
Hirst	101	23
Wainwright	101	23

At any rate, the captain will not be in difficulties for a change bowler.

Even the worthiest of all motives is liable to misrepresentation. When last year Mr. Rowland Hill, as secretary of the Rugby Union, declared Mr. Gould, the very king of Welsh football, a professional, comments on the step were "frequent and free." As a fact, in their keenness to resist the subtle encroachments of the professional spirit, Mr. Hill and his committee selected an unfortunate instance in which to assert the letter of the law. The presentation to Mr. Gould was altogether an exceptional case, and his wide-spread popularity made the consequent split between the Welsh and English Unions wider and more hard to bridge. Fortunately, at the late meeting the Union thought fit to make a recantation, and it will be a pity if their graceful action does not put an end to the disputes, which are especially uncomely in connection with a national game.

The making of records is, on the whole, an ugly occupation, but from time to time feats of speed and endurance extract admiration, in spite of the attendant professionalism and lowness of motive. The record is usually particularly free from interest if it is made on a bicycle, an instrument, it would appear from sporting papers, designed for no other purpose. Still, after all deductions, there is an incredibility attending the performance of a Dutchman, by name Cordang, completed the other day at the Crystal Palace, which overthrows all prejudice. He rode over 616 miles in 24 hours! In other words, he rode for a day and night at the rate of 25 miles an hour. It is a pity, however, to read the subsequent details, telling how pacemakers on

quartets and quintets kept off wind and air resistance by specially-designed screens. Could the force of unnatural formality further go?

On many of the Yorkshire moors, where the bags are limited, grouse shooting is already at an end for the season, the limit having been quickly reached. On other moors where there is no limit on those shot over by the owners, driving takes place until the end of the season, and although the bags obtained gradually decrease in numbers as birds get wilder, yet excellent sport is to be had. Grouse are very healthy, and are now exceptionally wild and difficult to drive.

Partridge shooting is more general, and excellent bags have been obtained, although on some manors no shooting has yet taken place, there still being a lot of corn outstanding. Birds are numerous, despite the fact that a good many barren birds are seen, and many of the coveys are evidently second broods. In some districts the heavy gales in June proved destructive, and coveys are small, consisting of only a few birds. Hares and rabbits are numerous, and snipe in some localities are plentiful.

The prospects for the First of October are excellent in Yorkshire, where the season may with confidence be expected to be fully up to the average. Wild bred birds have done well, and the poults are in excellent condition—healthy and strong on the wing. Many of the first clutches of eggs were destroyed by rooks, as owing to the late cold spring there was an absence of vegetation, and the nests consequently were more exposed than usual to the depredations of these birds. On some of the larger preserves it is estimated that fully fifty per cent. of the earlier eggs were destroyed. Foxes, too, committed considerable damage amongst the sitting hens. There are many small broods of late-hatched birds, but these will be strong on the wing before the big coverts are shot. Except on the outside boundaries and on small shoots, very few pheasants will be killed in October, as the coverts are full of leaf. In partridge shooting, too, a few old cocks will doubtless fall victims, and young birds will not be spared on outlying beats. The heavy rains in August and early in September have considerably increased the growth of the root crops in Yorkshire, and there is now plenty of holding cover for birds. Hand-reared pheasants have done exceptionally well, and men who have reared from one to two thousand birds this season, state that their losses have been far less than usual. There appears to be no disease, and with a plentiful supply of birds in all directions, big bags will be the rule.

The facility with which the wildest of birds may be tamed is strikingly illustrated by the wonderful tameness of that bird, ordinarily so wary, the wood pigeon, after a few seasons of nesting in our London parks. In St. James's Park they will fly up from between the legs of your hansom horse with all the impudence of the London sparrow himself. And no less wonderful is that punctuality of animals in general which is so noticeable in the manners of the seagulls in particular. Not only are they wonderfully punctual as to the hour of day, but no less so in regard to seasons, and even days, of the year. On the Bass Rock, the principal nesting-place in these islands of the Solan geese, it has been observed that the birds come back to their nesting-places on the very same day of each year. Year after year this scarcely conceivable exactness is observed, in spite of the difference of temperature at the same season of different years. Again, an almost equal exactness marks the movements of so seemingly capricious a creature as the salmon. There is a certain pool on the Wye where no salmon has ever been caught in the month of February, one has been caught on March 1st, several on March 2nd, and very many on the 3rd. This is the more remarkable as the pool is many miles from the river's mouth, and one would have supposed that the varying volume of water in the river would have much effect on the date of arrival of the fish.

Of course the great secret of taming wild creatures is to be absolutely immobile when there is no occasion for movement, and calm and leisurely in such movement as is necessary. Acute nervous apprehension is the cause of the timidity of all wild animals, and even seagulls, when you have taught them to eat crumbs at your very doorstep, are watchful of every sudden movement which may strike them as the prelude to a possible attack. It is by keeping a perfect immobility that the bird-tamers in the parks induce the sparrows to eat from their hands; and by the same simple means robins may be tamed, until at length they will fly down from the tree and, perching on the shoulder, take a crumb from between the lips. This is no fairy tale—*experto crede*—and such boldness is not the possession of one robin only, but of many that have been brought to equal tameness. It would be very well if this, the great secret, were more fully realised by those who have the care of horses.

Our English grooms heed it too little, but the Mexicans of California are very well aware of it. Nine times out of ten, and possibly the odd tenth time too, vice in horses is the result of the same highly-strung nervousness, and it is a study to watch the methods of a skilful Mexican horse-tamer with a so-called vicious animal. It needs to conceal oneself from the horse while the taming business is in process, for the man will not undertake the job unless all is quiet, not only in, but also in the neighbourhood of, the stable. Then he enters the box quite quietly, with slow, deliberate movements. The horse, likely enough, lashes at him. He just moves aside—merely moves one foot, perhaps, judging with practised eye the length of the dangerous hoof's reach—beyond this he takes no notice of the horse. There is no "whoa-whoaing"—no sound of the human voice. Only the man stands there, and gradually approaches the animal. By degrees the creature gains its confidence; its nervous fear is allayed, and presently it allows the man to stroke its head and neck, and perhaps give it a reward in the shape of a piece of sugar. The secret is such a simple one, but it seems so very far beyond the comprehension of the ordinary English groom. Of course its successful practice needs patience and self-control and perfect nerve, but these are qualities that are not beyond an Englishman's acquirement. The great difficulty is to recognise the nervousness of the creature, and the necessity of avoiding the least occasion of setting those delicate nerves on edge.

Few stud dogs have been more used since Herschel's day than the late Mr. M. Fletcher's Falconer, runner-up in Texture's year, and certainly one of the gamest dogs ever sent to slips. There are now some very smart performers out in the various Produce Stakes claiming him as sire. One of the best, so far, is Mac's Blend, out of Mrs. Mac, run in the nomination of Mr. J. McConnochie in the Antrim Derby at Masserene Park last week. He is a fawn and white dog, splendidly developed, and, although but sixteen months old, turns the scale at 66lb. His first trials in the big event proved his grit, and he won all his courses like a thorough workman; so well, in fact, that he was at once spotted as a likely one for the Altcar country, and an offer of £250 made for him. This was promptly refused, his owner's price being exactly double. It is, however, not at all unlikely that he will yet find his way to an English kennel before next February. Mr. T. F. Waters was rather unfortunate in the same stake with What a Devil, one of the El Diablo—Fine Sport litter, for in the semi-final he blundered when leading the Scottish puppy by at least two lengths, and had it not been for the latter's cleverness, honours would have certainly gone into Lancashire.

In the Oaks, the present occupier of the famed Little Lever kennel met with a similar disappointment, Wet Night, after a bye in the fourth round, meeting Mr. Tom Graham's Gale—the ultimate winner—in the next round. The latter ran with great fire each time out, and ought to show up very well within the next few months. She is a March puppy by Grey Weather, a son of Young Fullerton. No wonder, therefore, that there were a few enquiries for her. Mr. Graham, however, was not at all anxious for a deal, although an offer well into three figures was made. A pleasing feature of the meeting was the success of the South of England coursers, Messrs. Chichester and Brice, in the principal all-aged stakes. Last season the confederacy made a plucky attempt to win the Irish Waterloo Cup at the Borris-in-Ossory meeting, but in this they were unsuccessful, although two of the other open stakes saw them in a division. Part of their dogs are trained in the Emerald Isle, where Mr. Chichester resides, and the white dog, Ballymoyola, winner of the *Telegraph* Cup at Masserene Park, is one of this string; hence the popularity of the victory. Mr. W. Taylor was exceedingly lucky to divide the Dunadry Stakes with the two brothers, Good Object and Good Idea, for both showed quite unexpected form.

The victory of Sabine Queen in her match with Medine at the Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meeting last week was a very popular one, and the ovation received by Dr. MacCabe when he led his mare in was one of the heartiest witnessed on an Irish race-course for some time. It will be remembered that this match was the outcome of the race for the Londonderry Plate at Leopardstown during the late Royal visit, when Mr. Gilpin's Medine was the winner, while Dr. MacCabe's filly was unplaced. Dr. MacCabe felt that there was something wrong in this running, and after getting the course measured, lodged an objection, on the ground of the so-called five furlong course being in reality only four and a-half furlongs. The objection was, however, overruled by the Leopardstown stewards, on the ground that it was not lodged within the specified time. On appeal to the Irish Turf Club, the overruling was upheld, but the rider was added, that Dr. MacCabe had just cause for complaint, and that the £10 lodged by him on making the objection should be returned to him.

Mr. Gilpin, the owner of Medine, feeling bound, no doubt, to support the running of his mare, offered to make a match to run the two fillies over a five furlong course at the same weights carried at Leopardstown, viz., 9st. 4lb. by Sabine Queen and 8st. 7lb. by Medine. Dr. MacCabe at once accepted the challenge; the stake was fixed at £300 a-side, the only stipulation being that Irish jockeys should ride. The match came off on the second day of the Baldoyle Meeting, and it was the means of drawing a very large attendance. Sabine Queen was favourite at 11 to 10, and fully justified the confidence of her supporters, as she made all the running, and won easily by a length and a-half.

The question which crops up now is, What about all the horses which have won over this supposed five furlong course? The "Rules of Racing" clearly lay down that any race run over a distance less than five furlongs is illegal, and shall be declared void. Are the horses which have won over this illegal four and a-half furlongs disqualified from running at other meetings? The owner of Sabine Queen considers they are, and would not send his filly over to Manchester, where she was engaged, as he holds that if she won she could be objected to. Evidently Lord Cadogan entertains a similar opinion, as he is bringing the matter before the Jockey Club at an early date. His Excellency has a horse which won over this now celebrated "five furlongs," and he probably wants to satisfy himself as to how he would stand if run at an English meeting. Legal proceedings against the Leopardstown stewards may be the upshot of Dr. MacCabe's affair, as that gentleman feels that he has not been well treated in the matter.

There have been seventeen international lacrosse matches between England and Ireland, in the majority of which the latter have proved successful. On Saturday, however, at Belfast, England gained their fourth victory, and their first when playing in Ireland. The win was a very decisive one, eight goals to one, but lacrosse is a heavy scoring game, and this did not represent an utter crushing for Ireland, who had quite their proportion of the play. Ireland failed near goal, many good runs being without result when the shots were made. The combination of England was remarkably good, and much better than that of Ireland, and the team, as a whole, were superior to most of the representative twelves of recent years. Play will become general in England early in October.

Referring to the article on the beavers in Sussex, which appeared in last week's issue, a correspondent writes: "I believe that no record so complete of the methods and practice of the beaver's engineering has ever been made as is shown in the illustrations in the last number of COUNTRY LIFE. The situation is exactly that which suits the animals, and the growth and development of the dyke, dam, and lodge can be followed step by step. It has been stated that the beaver cannot be successfully preserved otherwise than by making 'reservations' for it when wild. Efforts were made to do this in Prussia in the reign of Frederick the Great, and several attempts have been made in this direction in Canada, but to no purpose. The Hudson Bay Company set aside certain islands along the coast of the bay as beaver reserves, those most favoured by the animals when wild being selected for this purpose. The beaver 'kittens' are full-grown in three years. The islands are therefore visited once every three years, and a scientific hunt is held and the skins stored for sale. On these islands the finest beaver engineering now in existence may be seen; but the destruction of the trees by the beavers will in time destroy their food supply, which is limited by the area of the islands."

By an error the photograph representing "The Dam and its Builder," showing one of the young beavers, was credited to Mr. Reid, of Wishaw. It was taken by Sir Edmund Loder himself, as noted in the description of the colony. The only beaver device not in use by the colony at Leonardslee is that of the canal, which the animals dig to aid them in transporting logs by water when they have cut down all the suitable trees in the neighbourhood of their dam.

Another correspondent writes to point out that the beavers which were for a time established by Lord Bute on one of his estates in Scotland, evidently attempted to make canals. According to the description given by an observer, who seems to have been unacquainted with the canal-making propensity of beavers, those in Scotland made burrows at a distance from the water. These they connected with the main pool by "cutting a road from the middle of the pool several yards into the dry ground on the bank." Some of the roads to these burrows were from fifteen to twenty yards long, and "so level that the water follows them in the whole length." These "roads" were really beaver canals. They also make "rolling ways" clear of obstacles for "log-rolling."

HIPPIAS.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY GRANBY is a force in London Society, not only by reason of her beauty, but because of her highly cultivated artistic power and her intellectual attainments. Her portrait, which appears on the frontispiece, gives some idea of her charming personality, and her sketches, frequently exhibited in London picture galleries, evidence not only considerable skill with the pencil, but a peculiar gift of portraiture, and a happy knack of seizing and conveying to paper the expression of the sitter. Her portraits of the Duchess of Portland, Lady Alice Montagu, and other people, are all of an ideal and poetic character. The Marchioness is the sole surviving daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, C.B., Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, and son of the seventh Earl of Balcarres and twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford. Lady Granby's mother was an Irishwoman, a granddaughter of the second Lord Kilmaine. The late Lady Bolsover, mother of the Duke of Portland, was Lady Granby's aunt. Lord Granby is eldest son and heir to the Duke of Rutland, and was Principal Private Secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury in previous Administrations. The present heir to the Marquisate is known as Lord Roos of Belvoir.

THE SUBSCRIPTION QUESTION.

THE hunting world is beginning once more to show signs of vitality, after its usual summer of inactivity, and in nearly every country the cubs are realising what their mission on earth is, and why they are allowed to live. For without fox-hunting the vulpine tribe would soon become practically extinct in all but the most inaccessible places throughout the country. In a few short weeks the regular season will be in full swing, and those many problems which continually beset the path of a fox-hunter in these degenerate days will have to be faced.

Among the vital questions so often discussed in the hunting-field and elsewhere, perhaps the most important is the one which refers to subscriptions, for other hunting problems are more or less based on this. It is a common enough saying that money can do anything, and no doubt there is a great deal of truth in the observation, for given equally good districts to hunt in, and first-rate masters, the hunt that is the richest is bound to show the most sport; for it meets with less opposition, owing to its greater popularity, and from there being, as it were, more people in its pay, since many of the labourers and farmers derive pecuniary benefit from its existence.

Towards the end of last season the Quorn introduced the system of "capping" casual followers of the chase at their meets. This naturally produced a good deal of comment, adverse and otherwise, as the practice had never before been tried in the Shires. It can, however, be safely said that unless "capping" becomes universal, at any rate in the more crowded countries, it will do very little good to the hunting community in general. For those people who do not subscribe, and have no intention of so doing until forced, will migrate to those hunts where "capping" does not exist.

In the different hunts where "capping" has been tried, comparatively small sums have been collected, and this with some difficulty. So it would appear as if either the non-paying portion of a field, as soon as they get wind of what is about to happen in a certain hunt, stop away, or that they are not nearly so numerous as has been generally supposed.

All good sportsmen who only hunt occasionally, and cannot afford to send a regular donation to the secretary, would welcome a change in this direction with pleasure, as it would give them a certain status in the field, in fact, a right to join in the chase, which a non-subscriber does not possess at the present time.

The sport of fox-hunting has undergone many and great changes since it first came into pre-eminence, which it did, roughly speaking, at the beginning of the present century. In those golden days it cost very much less to hunt a country than now, for there were no railways to launch hundreds of men every day into the Shires and Home Counties. Consequently much less damage was done. The fiend had not yet been born to invent barbed wire—the greatest curse in the hunting-field at the present time—therefore no money was required for the purpose of removing it, while there was less poultry to pay for, since the farmers did not rear it so extensively as they do now. The expenses of hunting have, of course, gone up, but subscriptions have not done so in the same proportion. Consequently things have arrived at such a pitch in nearly every hunt, that, to use the time-honoured phrase, "something must be done." "Capping" has long been looked upon as one of the available remedies, but the average Englishman is by nature conservative, and is slow to change to new methods, especially when they attack, as they do in this case, old traditions. Collecting donations in this way is entirely against the spirit and principles of the fox-hunters of the past, but ethereal sentiment is hardly likely to make a great stand against the stern realities of £ s. d. at this end of the nineteenth century.

Either the whole financial system of hunting must be changed, or else it will be better to leave things as they are. "Capping" is, after all, only a half measure, for if the subscription question is to be put on a proper commercial basis, hunt committees must draw up a list of what a man, hunting in their respective countries is to subscribe, based either on the number of hunters he keeps or the number of days he comes out, and a copy of that list must be sent to everyone who follows the hounds and is not "capped." It would then be as easy for a committee to tell if a man sent his proper subscription as it is now for the secretary of a club. Genuine farmers, of course, would be exempt from all payments, but, as regards ladies, chivalry, like sentiment, would have to be thrown to the winds, for they form, at the present time, no small portion of the field. Thus the tax would have to be levied on them as on men—a course which "the new woman," at least, could hardly be expected to object to. Or their fathers, brothers, or husbands would be requested to pay for them. Men who neither own land in the hunt nor walk puppies would have to pay a further sum to the wire and poultry funds.

If it was not for the difficulty of collection, "capping" would have, no doubt, been introduced long ago. In the first place, it is not easy to find a member of the hunt to take the cap round; in fact, few men would care about

doing so. The obstacle can be overcome by employing a paid collector, and this, in all probability, will be done in the Shires, but provincial hunts could scarcely afford the extra expense, so an amateur "capper" will have to be discovered. In most hunts there is some officious member, who likes to have a finger in every pie, and perhaps he would not think the task altogether distasteful, as it would give him an extra chance for his officiousness. Again, hunting is a sport which can neither be contained in narrow limits or confined exclusively to the estates of a few individuals, so this question arises—What are you to do if a man refuses to give the requisite sum? If by luck the meet happens to be on or near the land of a good supporter of the hunt, his co-operation must be obtained to turn the defaulter off his property. Even then he might join in the chase at some subsequent period of the day, but it is to be hoped that no one would descend to such a low expedient. The money would be comparatively easy to collect at the meet, but men joining afterwards would cause no end of bother; so the "capper" will have to keep a sharp look-out for all non-subscribers who go straight to the cover side. As "capping" is a purely commercial transaction, a receipt (say a card with the hunt monogram and the date on it) would have to be given to everyone who pays, so as to avoid mistakes and consequent unpleasantness. Fixed sums at so much per week or month might be instituted to enable those who come into a country to hunt for short periods to subscribe without the bother and publicity of being "capped." This would also save the "capper" a lot of trouble.

There are some hunts, within whose borders there are no large towns, and situated some distance from London, where "capping" will never take place, as it would be practically a dead letter, owing to the fact that few strangers are ever present at the meets.

In the coming season the subscription question is likely to force itself prominently to the front, and in many cases it would seem that the names of some hunts will, by its means, figure no longer on the list, while others will be reduced to hunting a fewer number of days than they did last season. Perhaps, however, when men see their sport seriously threatened they will be induced to subscribe more liberally.

The amount of money that each follower of hounds ought to subscribe is always a difficult problem to solve. In the first place, it must be regulated according to the country in which a man hunts, for a cheque that would be considered liberal in a provincial hunt might be the reverse in the Shires, where hunting is carried on with so much expense. Again, the subscription must be regulated either by the number of days per week a person hunts or the number of hunters kept.

After all, the subscription question is one of individual effort, and it is within the power of every fox-hunter to help on the sport in which he indulges by giving liberally, not only to the hunt itself, but also to the other funds connected with it.

HELIOS.

ON THE GREEN.

BOTH Andrew Kirkaldy and young Scott, of Elie, have picked up a bit of credit out of their recent home and home match, though it was the former that was winner, and took all the £50 of staked money. But the youngster deserved considerable credit, in the first place for challenging so hardened a veteran as Kirkaldy, and in the second place for playing him so very stout a match. Indeed, at one time it looked as if Scott were more than likely to be winner. But it was just at this point that Kirkaldy began to pick up his share of credit. At the outset—that is to say, on the first of the two rounds that were played on his home green of Elie—Scott gained three holes on Kirkaldy, and these three he still held, though without making any addition to them, at the end of the second round. And, starting with these three in hand, he played his outgoing half of the first round at St. Andrews so brilliantly that he had added another three to them by the time the turn was reached. He was out in 38, to Kirkaldy's 41. From this point, commencing with these heavy odds of six holes against him, Kirkaldy played grand golf. Home in 38, he actually knocked off all the holes of Scott's lead, so that they started all even for the final round. Such a change in the aspect of affairs might have disheartened many an older golfer, but Scott showed himself to be made of good stuff by playing gallantly, and turning, with nine holes to go, a hole to the good. But from this point, as in the morning round, Kirkaldy began to reassert himself. He knocked off the adverse lead at once, then gained a couple of holes and stood dromy, and, winning the burn hole, won a most gallant and well-contested match by three up and one to play. The play throughout was good, though a high wind in the afternoon at St. Andrews made both men now and again a little erratic.

Another plucky recovery, and another well-fought battle, was seen at Dudley, where Braid, the Romford professional, met H. Vardon, the ex-champion. On the first round, Braid, playing a very strong game and scoring a record of 69, gained six holes off Vardon. But it was a thirty-six hole match, and in the second round Vardon not only reduced this long lead, but actually stood one up with four to play. Braid, however, squared matters at the seventeenth hole, and, holing a good putt on the last green for a half, halved one of the closest and most interesting games conceivable. In the second round Vardon, with 69, tied with the record which Braid had created in the morning.

Another good professional match was played by Archie Simpson and J. Kinnell, at Renfrew. The latter has been in great form of late, nevertheless Simpson had the better of him by a couple of strokes. Previously, however, at Glasgow, in a three ball stroke match between Kinnell, Simpson, and Adams, the first-named had the advantage, with 75 against 78 by each of the others. A strong wind ran up—or blew up—the scores at the meeting of the Royal Devon Club, on the first day, Mr. J. J. Harding winning the scratch medal with 89, and Mr. Ashby and Mr. Lemarchand tying for second at a stroke more. But on the second day, with weather much more kindly disposed to the golfer, Mr. Percy Winterscale won the club's silver medal with a fine score of 81, Mr. W. Houldsworth following him with a creditable 83. The championship of the Yorkshire Golf Union decided itself in favour of the team from Huddersfield, well led by Mr. Frank Woodhead, who recently won the championship of Wales. The Huddersfield team were composed of two Messrs. Woodhead and two Messrs. Crossland, and their aggregate score, over thirty-six holes, was 725, which was nine strokes better than that of the Headingley team, who were second to them. Mr. Frank Woodhead's individual return was 164, and this was most closely challenged by Mr. H. Steel, of the Bradford Club's team, with 166. The Scarborough team were heavily handicapped by the absence of their captain, Mr. Broadwood.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER CHILDREN.



Photo. by J. Thomson,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK, whose portrait appears above, has just rejoined her little family after a long series of visits with the Duke in Ireland and Scotland. The Duchess has beautiful colouring, and is, therefore, always more or less libelled by black and white. Her figure is a very fine and graceful one, beautifully proportioned to her height, and the poise of her head upon her shoulders is always much admired. Her gentle seriousness of expression suits well the young mother whose position is so near a glorious throne. When Her Royal Highness was Princess May of Teck, she won the love of all about her by her goodness of heart and her active benevolence, a trait of character which she inherited from her mother, the well-loved Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. Both ladies employ much of their leisure in making garments for the Needlework Guild, of which

the Duchess of Teck is president. Of a quiet and rather silent nature, the Duchess of York is happiest when at home in the midst of her children, and the Duke is a devoted father, one of those who realise the responsibility as well as the happiness that fatherhood involves.

Prince Edward of York was born at White Lodge, on the 23rd of June, 1894, and was christened there, in his maternal grandmother's home, on the 16th of July. The Queen was present, as well as the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters. In speaking to a Welsh deputation some months ago, the Prince of Wales remarked that his eldest grandson was often called Prince David, but he is perhaps as well known by the name of Eddy in the family circle. His full names are, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David.

The little fellow assumes quite a fatherly air towards his

younger brother, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, who was born at The Cottage, Sandringham, on the 14th of December, 1895. The elder boy is a merry, singing, laughing child, fat and bonny, and of very fine physique. The younger is equally healthy, but of a quieter disposition. The little Princess, their sister, is not yet five months old. She was christened on Whit-Monday, and received the names Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, being thus called after her great-grandmother, her two grandmothers, and the late Princess Alice.

Little Prince Edward is devoted to the Princess of Wales, his paternal grandmother. On catching sight of her once at Sandringham, when not expecting to see her, he set up a shout of joy, and flew along the corridor, his fat little legs twinkling in his haste to reach his beloved relative. Once, when being photographed with the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, he would not stand still, and had to be rather sternly chidden. The Queen smiled, and remarked: "He is as naughty as his father was at the same age." Her Majesty referred to an incident that occurred at Windsor Castle, when the Duke of York, then Prince George of Wales, was sent under the table by his Royal grandmother for some childish offence. He improved the occasion by divesting himself of every article of clothing he had on, and when he received Her Majesty's gracious permission to leave his seclusion, appeared before the company in a state of nature—guiltless of garmenture. This amused the Queen immensely, and she laughed until the tears came.

The day after Jubilee was Prince Edward's third birthday, and he was standing on the balcony of Buckingham Palace when the Guards passed. He saluted them with the utmost solemnity, raising his fat little forefinger to his head in orthodox style, to the great delight of the crowds who were looking on. On the same afternoon he was taken with the Queen to see the 10,000 children who were assembled on Constitution Hill. On one occasion at Windsor, Prince Eddy and Prince Leopold of Battenberg were playing together, when some soldiers passed and saluted. The boys, absorbed in their game, took no notice. The Prince of Wales, happening to pass by and noticing the omission, made them trot after the soldiers and return their salute.

The little Princes of York attended their first garden party last season, and were certainly the very youngest guests present.



J. Thomson,

PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE ALBERT Grosvenor St., W.

The occasion was the Archbishop of Canterbury's garden party on the 19th of July, at Lambeth Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, were present, and must have been amused at the enthusiastic baby-worship that went on. The children were both dressed in pure white, as were their nurses. Prince Eddy was lively and interrogative, Prince Albert calm and contemplative.

WALKING PARTRIDGES.

SOME few years ago the shooter of the driven partridge used to have a bad time of it. He was in the condition of one who has to defend his position. People who knew nothing about the matter used to consider that any man who

stood still and had birds driven to him was getting his sport with undue ease and luxury, that he had scarcely a right to call it sport at all, that he was no workman, and possibly even they denied him the right to call himself a marksman. The boot is all on the other foot now. It is recognised that the driven partridge is probably the hardest bird to kill of all that the gunner levels his barrels at, that he is a much more difficult mark than the same bird rising from the turnips; in fact, the "driving shot" assumes great airs of patronage towards him who shoots in any other fashion, and it is now this latter who is in the position of defence and is called upon to show that his methods are at all worthy of the name of "sport."

The truth in this affair, as in other little matters of a like nature, lies somewhere between the extreme views. There is a pleasure in shooting the driven partridge as he tops the fence or comes scouring over the fir-belts, but there is a healthy delight, too, in hunting up the bird among the roots, taking him as he comes—or goes;



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A RIGHT AND LEFT.

Copyright—"C.L."

there is less of a sense of artificiality about the business. And the shots are difficult, too. No doubt they are not so difficult (because the mark is not so quickly moving), on the average, when the bird is just rising from the ground as when he has been for some while on the wing, but some of the shots at rising birds are difficult enough—difficult enough to be missed every now and then by a first-rate shot, so that even a clean miss with both barrels is not an altogether unknown quantity in the record of the very best. On the other hand, the delight of a clean kill of A RIGHT AND LEFT is no less keen in the one manner than in the other. There is a necessity, too, at every step, for keeping a most bright look-out, for a bird getting up at something like the limit of gunshot range will be outside that limit if he be not taken as soon as he is clear above the turnips. There is none of that waiting that seems so long on a cold day when the birds do not come to the heading guns.

After all, it is much a matter of locality. In the Eastern Counties, with their great flat fields, their crops and light soil, all seems made for driving, and there one may enjoy driving in its perfection. In other counties, more undulating, with smaller fields and great overgrown hedgerows, as in Devonshire, where the birds may shelter themselves, and where, moreover, there are no "Frenchmen" to lead the drive, there any attempt at driving would end in the merest disaster. There it is a matter of flushing your covey and hunting them down to the death, with a man on horseback, maybe, stationed on a likely eminence, to come and tell you where the covey has settled down.

"Did 'ee see mun, Jarge?" the keeper shouts.

"Ees fai," answers the equestrian. "They be down in Varmer Mason's scuffled 'arrish."

Poor covert, this same "scuffled 'arrish"—*Anglice* a fallow that has had the harrow passed over it—but we must go off



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

IN THE CLOVER.

Copyright—"C.L."

there, nevertheless, for coveys are not mighty many in this fair land of Devon. There is a gap in the fence to be passed through on the way, to save going round by the gate.

"Cartridges out, please," says the host, "for there is a young shooter with us, and he has to be brought up in the way he should go."

The "scuffled 'arrish" is as bare as the palm of your hand, but the groom is emphatic that he saw the birds light there. Not a doubt but they have run into the great fence that is called in the Devonshire tongue a "bank," and are sheltering themselves in it from our onslaught.

"Hey then, Rosie!" is the word now; for we are accompanied by a little terrier, more apt, one would say, for fox or otter hunting than for partridge shooting, but, never heless, Rosie dashes into the confusion of bramble and wild growth on the bank top, and soon is making a fine melody in that wasteful jungle.

Presently there is a "whirr" up out of the hedge, and two of the covey rise together on the far side of the bank, but a couple of guns are out there to meet them. First comes "bang! bang!" very quickly repeated, meaning a clean miss by



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CROSSING A STUBBLE.

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the youngster, followed almost simultaneously by another "bang!" to which one bird falls, and again, after a decent interval, by another, whereon the second falls—a good right and left.

Rosie, in the hedge, is in ecstasies. A third bird rises, then another, one falling like a stone to the shot, and the other getting off scot free; and at the angle of the "bank" the balance of the covey get up in a bunch, and two more fall, while another goes off with a leg down.

"Mark 'un, Jarge, mark 'un!" the keeper shouts; and the groom, from his superior elevation on the cob's back, declares the bird to be down in the "five-acre turnups."

So to the "five-acre turnups" we go—an unusually large field in this country—and there it is work for Scamp, the retriever—though Rosie must have a share in the "HEY LOST!" too—and presently, after a while of hunting, Scamp comes back with the bird cleverly held in his tender mouth, dodging his head now and then to avoid Rosie's snaps at the dependent wing of the bird. You are not to believe that out of this more rough and tumble kind of shooting there is not to be had just as much fun as from the stands in the butts or behind the hedges and fir-belts. The average of difficult shots is not so large, to be

Exmoor or Dartmoor, say, or, in Scotland, a moor that sends a sprinkling of grouse down to mingle with the partridges. In this case the little brown birds seem to take on some of the characteristics of the more truly moorland birds. They are stronger on the wing, darker in the colour, even gamier in the taste than the birds that batten on the lowland cornfields. Here, too, there is chance of a varied quarry, even in the South where the grouse is not to be found. But, apart from grouse, there is sometimes a possible blackcock—why is it that the black game will flourish on the South Country moors that will not support the life of the grouse?—and, besides black game, and the ever useful rabbit, this kind of ground is generally good covert for hares, you may kick up a duck, or widgeon, or teal out of the brooks and burns, or at least a snipe and a golden plover. This variety of bag is beyond the wildest possible hopes of the shooter of the driven partridge in the Eastern Counties, where the occasional—very occasional now—hare and wandering cock pheasant are the only change of quarry that he can reasonably expect.

The cock pheasant is not beyond the hopes of the walker of partridges, whether by heath, hedgerow, or turnip-field; but for the wild things that the driving shot is likely to have a chance at, he



Photo. by W. A. Ruck.

"HEY LOST!"

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sure, but there are plenty of really hard ones, and of a very varied kind of difficulty, besides—more varied, perhaps, than in the driving, where the difficulty is apt to be constantly dependent on the speed at which birds are coming. Now and again you will get a really easy shot—an "owl-bird," as the saying is—rising before you with all the happy and deliberate leisure of the landrail. It is wonderful, by the bye, how very often these very easy shots are missed, often, as it would seem, for no other reason than because of their extreme and ridiculous easiness. Yet there are really hard shots, too—snipy shots, as at a bird whipping over a fence, like a blackbird—and it needs a quick eye on a dark day, even to see with reasonable clearness a bird getting up far out and flying low over the turnips.

Jolliest of all days of walking partridges are perhaps those when the ground is not of the artificial style of roots and stubbles, but rather some of those open, wild, bracken-grown heathlands that are found in the neighbourhood of the moor—

must content himself with a great green-eyed Norfolk plover now and again. But for the present we are holding no special brief either for the walking as against the driving interest, nor *vice versa*, only it has seemed of late as if every advocate was retained on the latter side, and no voice ever was raised to say a good word for the former.

Two or three times driving is as much as most ground will stand, whereas you may go out day after day over your rough country all the season through and always find enough to give you amusement. If sport is a matter of killing the greatest possible number of things in the least possible time, then let us have no walking, no rough shooting at all. It is waste of time. But if, on the other hand, sport rather consists in a reasonable amount of pleasure spread over as great a length of time as may be, then let us accept our walking and our rough shooting with gratitude. And surely this latter is the better description of what sport, in the shooter's sense, should mean.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TWO useful and timely books on golf lie before us. The first, entitled "Golf, in Theory and Practice," comes from the pen of Mr. H. S. C. Everard, and is published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons; the second, one of Dean's Champion Handbooks, is the work of Messrs. J. McBain and W. Fernie. Ourselves have felt the exultant joy which pervades the frame of man when the clean-driven ball flies fast and far with low trajectory in the

appointed direction; ourselves have realised what a blessing it is not to be a bishop when, following that well-driven ball, we have found it hopelessly cupped, so that the benefit gained by the clean drive was neutralised. Of the two books, that of Mr. Everard is the more substantial. Moreover, the author is clearly a scholar who has gone deep into the antiquarian lore of golf. It is a game of at least respectable antiquity, for James I. found it necessary to interdict the

practice of it. Moreover, the very remarkable permanence of the types of clubs might almost persuade us to believe that, as Pallas sprang in full development from the aching head of Jove, so golf came into Scotland, nobody knows when or whence, in a perfect and unimprovable form. These old clubs are excellently well represented in the illustrations. For our part, however, we believe that there has been slow evolution in golf, and that it is, so to speak, a natural game. The boy, sometimes called the young barbarian, is (we speak from personal experience) very nearly akin to the primeval savage in nature and instincts, and this writer well remembers that, long before he ever heard of the royal and ancient game, he invented a primitive game of golf of his own. It was the combined result of playing the game of bandy, hockey, or shinty, which is of immemorial antiquity, and the game of marbles which is called three holes. In truth, the weapons required for primitive golf, to wit, the ground, a crooked stick, and a ball, in the form of a round stone, have always been at the command of man, and we suspect that the Picts and Scots played their rude games of golf whenever they enjoyed leisure from the serious business of their lives, that is to say, from murder and rapine.

Be that as it may, Mr. Everard has produced a valuable and gracefully-written book, which will be read with interest in many quarters. We have but one point of disagreement with him, which we must mention. He apologises for his book, feeling apology to be necessary by reason of the multitude of books on golf. The truth is that a good book is always welcome, and his is emphatically a good book. Messrs. McBain and Fernie's work is short, but eminently practical, and it ought to be in the hands of all golf-players, but particularly of those who are educating themselves in the ancient game. Both books contain excellent and suggestive illustrations, and will go as near to teaching the game to the attentive student as it is within the power of print to go.

Literary critics usually obtain but small measure of justice from those upon whom they sit in judgment. They are commonly described as authors who have failed, and the description is nearly always untrue. In real life the critical faculty is totally distinct from the creative, and the two faculties are rarely found combined in the same man. In "My Contemporaries in Fiction" (Chatto and Windus) Mr. D. Christie Murray has given a forcible demonstration of the fact that a man may be a novelist of great ability and yet possessed of the smallest conceivable amount of literary judgment. We yield to none in admiration of Mr. Murray's power and charm as a novelist, particularly when he is dealing with Midland scenes and characters. We think, indeed, that his true worth has never been sufficiently recognised by the public, that his broad humour, his vigorous characterisation, and his warm and sympathetic heart have never been appreciated as they ought to be. But his "crusade" against "puffery and hysteria" is, to be plain, very poor stuff. For the praise that is due to "affection, fear, or the hope of reward," no excuse is possible; but an easy capacity for honest admiration is a pleasant possession, and the critic must have a keen eye for that which is good as well as a rod with which to chastise stupidity and carelessness. To be plain, Mr. Murray's indignation against "puffery" reminds us of a musician of some eminence who could always be infuriated by praise of another, and his phraseology strikes us as turgid and occasionally obscure. You may write very capital books without much

knowledge of other men's books; but, before you criticise other men's books, you ought to have more than a nodding acquaintance with them, and you ought to think a little.

It is a joy whenever one of Maurus Jokai's admirable novels becomes accessible to those who cannot read them in the original, and, after all, there are but few English-speaking men or women who are well versed in the Hungarian language. Moreover, Mr. R. Nisbet Bain justly holds a high reputation as a translator. Whether he is accurate or not, from a scholarly point of view, we cannot say, since Hungarian was not even an extra at our school, but that is a small matter. A great matter is it, however, that "Pretty Michal" translated by him (and published by Messrs. Jarrolds) reads naturally and easily, and not in the least like a translation. As for the book, it is in Jokai's best manner—a grim tragedy told with great strength, and illuminated from time to time with flashes of weird humour.

We welcome the republication in a collected form, and with some additions and alterations, of Mr. H. D. Traill's "Essays on Criticism." They have been a periodical delight to us in the monthly reviews, a welcome relief from essays which had nothing on earth to recommend them except the titles of the alleged authors. Mr. Traill is the very complete opposite of Mr. Christie Murray; he has not, so far as we are aware, failed in any literary undertaking, and he is a born critic. That is to say, he has knowledge, appreciation, keen wit and sense of humour, a style at once pungent and delicate, and, above all things, knowledge. We do not, of course, endorse every opinion expressed by Mr. Traill, and in particular we feel disposed to resent the "slating" of Mr. Arthur Morrison. But we recommend our readers to buy the book and to read it; firstly for the entertainment which it will surely give to them, secondly, because in it are to be found in an eminently readable form the deliberate opinions of a highly-cultivated and well-read scholar who is a master of style.

Of forthcoming books the list is now as legion. We look forward to a treat in "The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy (Unwin), and in "The School for Saints," by John Oliver Hobbes (same publisher). Mr. Unwin, indeed, has a very promising list of announcements, including Mr. Louis Becke's "Wild Life in Southern Seas," and "The Outlaws of the Marches," by Lord Ernest Hamilton. Amongst Messrs. Methuen's announcements we notice several books from the pen of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, and "The Lady's Walk," by the late Mrs. Oliphant. "The Life and Letters of John Arthur Roebuck," shortly to be issued by Mr. Edward Arnold, should have great political interest, and we look forward eagerly to Miss Beatrice Harraden's "New Book of Fables."

Books to order from the library:—

"Sir Walter Raleigh." Martin A. B. S. Hume. (Unwin.)

"The Claims of Anthony Lockhart." Adeline Sergeant. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"The Book of Dreams and Ghosts." Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

"Dariel." R. D. Blackmore. A romance of Surrey.

"An Old Soldier's Memories." S. H. Jones-Parry. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"Journal of a Tour in the United States." Winifred, Lady Howard of Glossop.

NOTABLE GARDENS: WISLEY.—I.

EMBOSOMED in woodland and disturbed only by the song of birds is Wisley, the garden that Mr. G. F. Wilson, F.R.S., has formed in this Surrey wild. The retreat—a garden of hardy flowers—is approached by a drive of five miles from Heatherbank, on Weybridge Heath, the principal residence of Mr. Wilson, where, too, hardy flowers of many kinds fill the garden with colour and fragrance. Our joy is greater when, through glades of Fern and silver Birch, we come to Wisley, where hardy plants revel in the fibrous soil, each kind receiving natural treatment. There is no vegetable menagerie about this garden in woodland, no wriggling beds on the turf or harsh and violent colour contrasts. Each plant is made to tell its own tale and spread about in a delightful way. This experimental garden, as Mr. Wilson calls it, was commenced in 1878, and is about fourteen acres in extent. We heartily agree with the opinion expressed about it by that lover of hardy plants, Canon Ellacombe, of Bitton, in Gloucestershire, who wrote in a contemporary some years ago as follows:—"It is quite marvellous to see the vigour with which many plants are growing which have been a puzzle to gardeners for many years, and the vigour is not confined to one or two classes of plants, for Mr. Wilson is ready to welcome strange plants from all parts of the world. Though I do not say that everything will succeed there, yet whatever does grow there seems to grow luxuriantly."

The writer of this article has been delighted with the happy condition of plants that seem to dwindle away in many gardens. By a ditch overhung with foliage the Christmas Roses grow into vigorous colonies, rivalled by the little Soldanellas, dainty alpine jewels, as healthy here as on their high mountain pastures. A thousand Primroses carpet the brown earth and dye it with varied colour in spring.

It is troublesome to fix upon any one point at Wisley. In every nook some plant is hiding, and no season is flowerless. The garden may be visited with pleasure and profit from the time of the Christmas Roses until the same pearly flowers open to the wintry sun.

A spring picture is composed of the Primroses, Polyanthuses, and Auriculas. It is, of course, impossible to describe every flower that garlands the year with beauty in this woodland garden, and we must rest content with descriptions of leading features.

A pleasant season at Wisley is early spring. The Birch



Photo. CATFORD. JAPANESE IRIS, WISLEY. Copyright, "C.L."

trees are dressed in brightest green, and a hundred flowers are bursting open to the warmer suns. It is then we enjoy the blue Primroses, which practically had their birth here. This pretty race of warm-coloured flowers has not been raised without careful hybridising, seeking out varieties only that showed better form and colour than others. To acquire a series of distinct kinds, such as these blue Primroses in their many shades present, rigid selection and untiring perseverance are needful. The earlier seedlings were poor, but a bluish shade was present, to be perfected in future years. Blue the colour scarcely is, not the blue that draws us to the fragrant Violet or the Gentianella of high alpine pastures. The colour is a mingling of violet and blue, sometimes intense as sapphire, sometimes clear as a summer sky. The writer has seen luxuriant tufts against moss-covered stones—a cool setting to flowers that gain in intensity and beauty of colouring from this natural association. Oakwood Blue, Covenanter, and Mary Erskine form a trio of self-coloured varieties, the two former of rich shades, made richer still by a golden centre. In gardening it is important to obtain the richest or daintiest self colours. A visit to this garden in spring will

to see a colony of the Japanese Primrose in a shady recess, scored with glints of sunshine through the overhanging branches. It is veiled sunlight that gives ruddy health.

By shady ditch, the soil moist and peaty, is the rare *Shortia galacifolia*, which was introduced a few years ago from North America. It is a dainty flower, as white as the driven snow, and like a fringed bell, held on pink-tinted stems. The leaves are crimson and bronze in winter, as rich as an Oak in its autumn dress. This plant should be grown by all who can give it correct treatment—a fairly light vegetable soil and partial shade. Spreading colonies of the Wand plant (*Galax aphylla*) and the Mayflower (*Epigæa repens*) creep up to the *Shortia*; this trio enjoys shade and moisture.

Nothing harsh and formal spoils the garden. A glorious hedge of the Japanese Rose, the first, we believe, ever planted, is interesting, and woodland and flowers are relieved by the pond, fringed with Japanese Irises, and in another part a stretch of water is margined with moisture-loving plants. In late summer the crimson *Spiræa palmata* is a picture rarely seen. Many plants are wrongly placed in gardens, this *Spiræa* being one of



Photo CATFORD.

WATER PLANTS AT WISLEY.

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reveal the beauty of the Auriculas, Primroses, and Polyanthes, untarnished by poor shades, which, of course, unless carefully excluded, eventually poison the whole race.

Many gardens would be made more interesting and charming if greater attention were paid to self colours, and seed saved from poor strains gives invariably indifferent results. It is as difficult to raise a bad flower as one of beautiful colour and form. Daffodils, alpine Primroses, Globe-flowers, early Irises, and many other gems of the early year, are happy here. A bed of *Gentianella*, 120 yards long, when covered with its big blue flowers, is a reminder of the glorious blue carpet it spreads out on the high Alps, and in a moist peaty soil the tender-coloured *Primula denticulata* thrives with remarkable vigour. Neither of these flowers, so different in character and requirements, is easy to please, the *Primula* in particular.

As spring merges into summer, *Primula japonica*, a bolder Primrose in leaf and flower, throws up its spikes, which maintain a succession of bloom. The colouring is as varied almost as in the familiar Primroses of the garden, some intense crimson, others almost white, with rich centre of a decided tint. The writer knows few spring-flowering plants so hardy and handsome as this Japanese Primrose, which here, with *P. denticulata* and the showy *Campanula lactiflora*, sow themselves about. We like

the throng. Place it, however, under happy circumstances, with its feet in water, and a beautiful reward in growth and bloom is the result. Rich in colour at this season is the Willow Gentian (*Gentiana asclepiadea*), a robust and splendid perennial, so happy here that it sows itself over the garden. Its leafy shoots rise 2ft. or more high, lined with flowers, blue in the ordinary kind, white in the variety *alba*. A bold mass of this is as handsome as any plant of autumn, but moisture and shelter from full sun are essential. *G. ornata* and *G. septemfida*, both fine kinds, are worth taking note of, not forgetting the carpets of Winter Green (*Gaultheria procumbens*) and the little Twin-flower (*Linnaea borealis*).

Summer and early autumn are enjoyable seasons at Wisley. The woodland offers grateful shade, under which many a British and hardy American Fern unfolds its tender fronds. Here and there are breaks of Lilies, which are, with the Japanese Irises, a glorious feature of the garden.

The Irises deserve more than passing notice. Thousands of plants, for the most part seedlings raised here, are grown by Mr. Wilson. The sword-like growth fringes pond and brook in companionship with the slenderer Siberian Irises, which flower earlier. *I. Kämpferi* is the name of the Japanese Iris, the flower of Japan, and a source of industry in that sunny clime. Large quantities are exported to the Continent each year, representing

flowers of diverse colour and bold form. To realise the beauty of the plant it must be seen in a garden like Wisley, and our illustrations of it show its distinct character. By waterside, in deep loamy, well-enriched soil, the growth is strong and leafy, a thousand flowers peering above the leaves in summer time, trails of colour from white through lavender to richest purple. The broad flat petals make a brave display, but the colour effect may be blurred by poor shades and crude mixtures. A single-flowered variety of a decided tone—purple, pure white, or clear rose—is a thousand-fold more enjoyable than the dabbled kinds, like bits of bad mosaic from the fanciful and unhappy mingling of violent shades.

A world of beauty awaits the flower lover anxious to fringe lake and pond side with moisture-seeking plants. The glorious colouring that pours from the Japanese Irises is a stern rebuke to those who are content with margins of cement or flint to their lakes, which should be fair gardens of flower-life. Mr. Wilson is happy in possessing an interesting collection of water plants, and it is a pleasure to see the Cape Pond Weed vigorously established. This, known botanically as *Aponogeton distachyon*, is one of the many beautiful things that have come to us from South Africa. Its white Hawthorn-scented flowers float on the water's surface amidst clear green leaves. In Southern gardens the plant is seldom hurt by frost.

A charming feature consists of the newer Water-Lilies, groups of which are shown in the illustrations. These lovely flowers are stimulating an interest in water gardens, and the notes we have previously written of them in *COUNTRY LIFE* have brought forth many enquiries respecting their management. The *Nymphæas*, for by this name the Water-Lilies have been christened, are a regal family, and M. Latour-Marliac has raised lovely forms, flower-jewels painting the water with rainbow hues. The writer has seen many beautiful garden pictures, but none so rich and Eastern in its brilliancy as a collection of the hybrid *Nymphæas* basking in the morning sun. The big flowers open wide to catch every ray, closing in the afternoon until again awakened by a summer morn. The *Nymphæas* show their delight in this garden by spreading into big, leafy groups, and the collection comprises the finer kinds raised of recent years.

The illustrations that accompany these notes teach good lessons besides presenting charming pictures. Gunneras, Irises,



Photo CATFORD.

A QUIET CORNER.

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and many other bold, hardy plants cast their shadows into the water in one of the views, with Birches in the distance. The others are of the Japanese Irises and hybrid Water-Lilies. In a subsequent issue we shall have more illustrations and notes of Wisley, and further remarks will be made about the *Nymphæas*, Lilies, and Irises.

COUNTRY HOMES: RABY CASTLE.

WHEN Charles I. set eyes upon Raby Castle he was moved to great astonishment, for there had been a disposition among such as coveted the place to decry its value in the ears of those who had the disposal of it. "Gude troth, my lord, ca' ye that a hullock o' stanes?" he exclaimed. "By my faith! I ha' na sic anither hullock in a' my realm!" The King was certainly right, for many as are the splendid domains of England, there is none that, for the greatness of its historic memories, and its own inherent grandeur, can compare with ancient Raby. When you leave behind you the brown river Tees—excellent for its trout and salmon—drive through the pleasant country to quaint old Staindrop, with its characteristic yellow-washed houses, and ascend the gentle hill, the waving woods that clothe the slope tell you of your approach to a great abode, and the embattled walls and towers of the famous castle of the Nevilles are soon disclosed upon the hill. The situation is superb. Through the wide stretches of Teesdale, woods, cornfields, and pastures are spread, the farmsteads gleaming white out of the



Photo. by E. Yeoman,

NEVILLE'S GATEWAY.

Copyright.



Photo. by E. Yeoman,

FROM THE PARK.

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green, and here the Langley beck flows down through the park, and aforetime fed the moat that once washed the castle walls.

To speak of the glorious memories of Raby is almost impossible here, for, ever since the days of Canute the King, who had a house at Staindrop hard by, there have been mighty dwellers upon the hill. First we have Uchtred, descended from Angle kings, but left, for his passive attitude, undisturbed by the Conqueror. Uchtred transmits his abode from son to son until Robert FitzMaldred, Lord of Raby, marries Isabel de Neville, who brings to the house of Raby—henceforth, because of the splendour of the match, distinguished by the name of Neville—a right noble heritage. Throughout the long lineage of English nobility the blood of Neville has plentifully flowed, till there is scarce an ancient house that is not akin to Raby. Earls, and barons, and Knights of the Garter, in great number, some queens and princesses, archbishops and bishops, too, counsellors of kings, and many other famous men and beauteous women have been the fruit that has hung upon the stately Neville tree. Such men as Ralph Neville, the victor of Neville's Cross, who fortified the noble pile: another Ralph Neville, the great Earl of

Westmorland, who, thinking, we may suppose, of the lusty limbs in Teesdale, exclaims in the play:

"Oh! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day,"

and a whole progeny besides, belonged to this illustrious line. There was a time when 700 knights of the fee assembled in the great hall of the Neville; but Fortune scowled upon the badge of the bull when Westmorland sallied forth from Raby in 1569, with ancient Norton, and Markenfield and Swinburne and many more, to set up the old tabernacle upon the desecrated altar of Durham. For the vengeance of Elizabeth was swift and unquenchable, and Neville fled to age and poverty, while his vast estates were seized by the Crown, and at length came by purchase, in fallen state, to Sir Harry Vane, and so descended to the Dukes of Cleveland and to the present noble possessor, Lord Barnard. Since the time of the Nevilles the castle has passed through many vicissitudes. Teesdale holds Raby chief among its glories, and still the old folk tell, with detestation, of "the old hell cat," the first Lady Barnard, in the time of William III., who, out of hatred of her eldest son, set about to

dismantle and ruin the heritage of generations, and relate how she drives in a black coach and six through the midnight glades, and flits about the castle battlements with red-hot knitting needles in her bony hands.

We enter Raby Castle by the ancient Neville's Gateway, the same beneath which crowds of famous men have passed, with the clank of arms and the loud reverberation of hoofs. With its massive flanking towers and machicolation, and the long passage through from the place of one portcullis to the other, it reminds us somewhat of the strong barbican gate at Warwick. It is a place of exceeding strength from which the warder looked out to scan the new-comer, welcoming the friend, and making ready to repel the foe.

Through the long passage of the gate we reach the courtyard of the castle, which is surrounded by a wonderfully picturesque range of buildings, though its aspect is a good deal changed from that it presented of yore. Opposite to the gateway is the lower hall, and above it the great hall of the barons. It was a bold and original idea of Lord Darlington's that he would like to drive his coach and six right through Raby Castle; so it is that the carriage passes



Photo. by E. Yeoman,

THE BARONS' HALL.

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Photo. by E. Yeoman,

COUNTRY HOMES: RABY CASTLE.

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through the court, and sets the visitor down actually in the lower hall, and at the foot of the grand staircase. To make this possible many alterations became necessary, but the strange entrance remains a marked feature of Raby, and is almost the first point to which a guide will draw attention. Beyond the hall rises the fine Chapel Gateway, through which the visitor generally leaves the castle.

The Barons' Hall is still the pride of Raby, though John, Lord Neville, who built it, would deplore some changes that have been made. The proportions of the great chamber are altogether different, for, while something was added to the length, a part of the original south end was thrown into the modern octagon drawing-room, and the floor was raised in order to give a vaulted ceiling to the lower hall.

The modern buildings at Raby are the dining-room, octagon drawing-room, and library, on the south side, which are fine and spacious apartments, flanked at either end of the range by Bulmer's Tower, a very remarkable pentagonal structure, raised upon ancient foundations by John, Lord Neville, and by Joan's Tower, so called from Joan de Beaufort, second wife of the great Ralph Neville, daughter of John of Gaunt, and grandmother

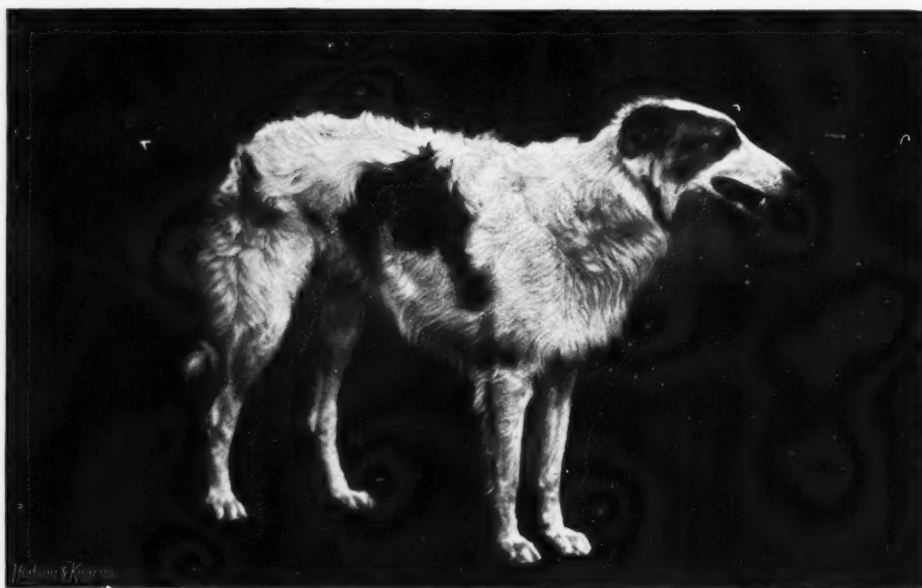
of the King Maker. Joan's Tower is at the western end on this side, and makes a fine feature of the western façade, grouping finely with Neville's Gateway, the Watch Tower, the Servants' Hall, and Clifford's Tower at the other angle of the castle. The tower last named projects boldly from the great mass of the castle, at the north-west angle, and presents a most picturesque appearance, with the irregular buildings on the north side. In the midst of these is the huge kitchen, comparable to that at Hampton Court, but with the curious feature of passages in the thickness of the walls from window to window.

A volume might be devoted to the legends and splendours of glorious old Raby, and this article can but suggest what are its interests and character. If we would seek the true exemplars of baronial life, it is at such places as Raby, Warwick, and Arundel that its best illustrations are found. When we leave the grey walls of old Raby, we are, indeed, filled with a sense of ancient power, and, when we look abroad over the green landscape, with the white farmsteads dotted over the hills, to where the hidden Tees flows between Yorkshire and Durham, we confess that this is, indeed, one of the most beautiful districts of the land.

JOHN LEYLAND.

KENNEL NOTES.

THERE is now but little doubt that the Retriever Club, talked of so long, will be established on a thoroughly sound basis before the close of the present year. Breeders who had previously expressed adverse opinions as to the utility of so-called specialist clubs have announced their intention of supporting Mr. Theo Marples in his effort to rescue the Retriever from threatened extinction as a sporting dog. Breeding for show has not improved the variety, and it had long been patent to those believing that "handsome is as handsome does" that, unless encouragement was given the variety in the shape of working trials, it would speedily degenerate into a mere thing of beauty, instead of retaining the characteristics which, in bygone days, made the Retriever so popular a working dog. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Captain Chaloner, Mr. C. S. Wentworth-Reeve, Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. C. G. Hulkes, Mr. Elias Bishop, and Mr. L. D. Wigan, have all expressed sympathy with the objects of the proposed club, and a meeting will be held at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of the forthcoming show of the Kennel Club, when the rules will be submitted, and officers elected. The granting of



Photo, by Stuart,

MICHAEL.

Copyright.

certificates of proficiency to keepers and trainers, and the promotion of field trials or other tests of the working capability of the Retriever, are included in the programme drawn up by those responsible for the promotion of the club.

MICHAEL, the young Borzoi owned by Mr. Herbert Ll. Smith, of Ouchy, Putney, was one of the sensations at the show of the Borzoi Club held at Southport in the spring. The Duchess of Newcastle, it may be remembered by readers of COUNTRY LIFE, was the judge, and the high opinion of the dog held by her Grace may be gleaned from the fact that not only did Michael win the club challenge cup, valued at twenty-five guineas, but also three first prizes and seven specials. Since then he has improved in a wonderful degree, and is looked on by good judges as one of the best of the species in the country. He was bred by his present owner, and claims Sokol, a very famous Borzoi, for his sire, Princess Napratine, a favourite brood bitch, still in Mr. Smith's kennel, being his dam. As a companion Michael is unequalled, being good-tempered, hardy, and very speedy, he having no difficulty in accompanying his owner in his morning canter across Putney Heath. Mr. Smith, who is a member of the Borzoi Club, is justly proud of his fine dog, and is now anxiously awaiting the development of another of Princess



Photo, by C. Reid, Wishaw.

LEYTON JIM.

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Napratine's litters by Michael's sire. Another embryo champion is anticipated.

A fine stamp of sportsman is Mr. W. Shearer Clark, of Wishaw, N.B., two of whose notable dogs have lately been photographed by his fellow-townsmen, Mr. C. Reid. LEYTON JIM, a Mastiff, bred by that world-renowned breeder, Mr. Woolmore, was born in March, 1893, and is by Tom Bowling—Selina, both well-known animals. He is dark brindle in colour, and possesses one of the most typical heads of any Mastiff of the present day. Short, deep, and square in foreface, he has a phenomenally well wrinkled skull, small and well-placed ears, and the characteristic dark eye. In body he is almost perfect, his ribs are well sprung, and, as will be seen by Mr. Reid's excellent photo, he has the best of legs and feet. His one failing is lack of height, but even this has not prevented his appearance in the prize list of most shows at which he has been exhibited. Were he but a couple of inches taller, he would certainly rank as one of the grandest of the variety ever bred. At Dundee and Perth he has won the special offered for the best dog in the show—high honours considering the quality of many exhibits in the sporting section—whilst for two years he headed his section at the shows of the Scottish and Edinburgh clubs, both held in the Scottish capital. Prizes have also fallen to his lot at Paisley, Falkirk, Birkenhead, Manchester, and many other high-class shows. Another famous winner across the Border, also owned by Mr. Shearer Clark, is the Bulldog HAWKIE, a grandson of the expatriated King Orry, and bred at the Wishaw kennels. He scales over 60lb., and is a white, with light brindle markings. Hawkie holds a good record, never having been defeated in his own class. His head is a study, although he is just a little short of wrinkle. In chop, lay-back, and depth of stop, he is, however, well-nigh perfect; whilst in underjaw, placement and carriage of ears, he is also faultless. His neck is short and muscular; his legs and feet just the right stamp for a dog his weight; and his body properties are of the best. His list of wins is a long one, for he has appeared at almost every high-class show in Scotland. At Montrose and Downfield he was adjudged the best dog in the show, and first prizes have also fallen to him at Edinburgh, Dundee, Belfast, Hamilton, Paisley, Perth, and Falkirk. He is a little over four years old, being born in June, 1893.

The restrictions to be placed on the importation and exportation of dogs by the Board of Agriculture have caused

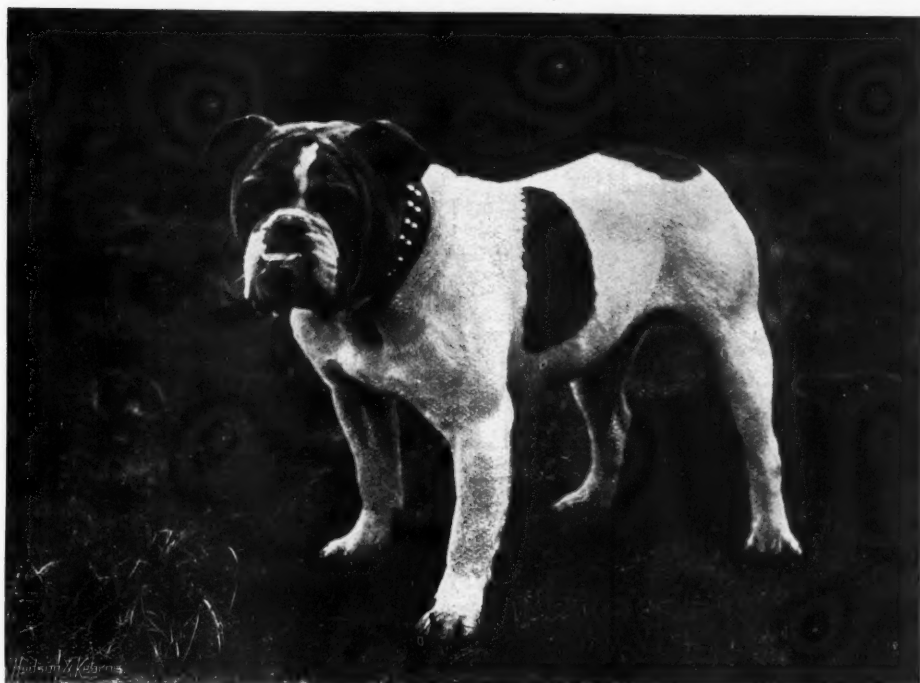


Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

HAWKIE.

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many Continental breeders to give up all idea of again crossing swords with Englishmen by exhibiting at the forthcoming autumn shows in this country. Some have already disposed of their kennel, whilst others have retired from exhibiting until such times as the irksome restrictions may be removed. Mons. Dobbelmann, of Rotterdam, owner of one of the finest kennels on the Continent, regretfully refuses me the privilege of reproducing a photo of his famous Mastiff, Black Peter, in an English journal, as a protest against the obnoxious order. He expresses great indignation at what he considers interference with "the liberty of the subject," and will, in all probability, quite terminate his connection with the English kennel world. He has on more than one occasion officiated as judge at leading shows held under Kennel Club rules.

Mr. H. H. Wooltorton, of Forest Gate, an old and successful breeder of St. Bernards, displayed excellent judgment in purchasing the smooth bitch, LADY CLYDE, when Mr. Samuel Smith, of Lavington, Putney, disposed of many of the inmates of his kennel in favour of Borzoi. She has vastly improved of late, and on her appearance in her new ownership at Earlsfield a month ago, Mr. Norris Elye, the judge, declared that no one would have recognised her as the bitch shown at the Palace two years ago. She is, indeed, a beautifully marked St. Bernard, being deep orange and white, with the black shading on her face so much desired, but so seldom seen in a smooth. Although of great size, she is as nimble as a kitten—figuratively speaking, of course—and moves most gracefully. Her head is perfect, she is straight as a gun-barrel in front, and has splendid shoulders, loins, and hind quarters—essentials lacking in many St. Bernards of the present day. She has won prizes under the very highest authorities, including Messrs. F. Gresham, Norris-Elye, and J. F. Smith, her show career being commenced at Edinburgh in 1894, when she was but a little over twelve months old. Mr. W. Marshall was her breeder.

Sir Everett Millais, Bart., whose death took place at his residence at Shepperton-on-Thames, after a very brief illness, was the original importer of Basset-hounds into England. So long ago as 1875 he first exhibited one of the variety, this being Model, with which he won a prize at Wolverhampton. From that day to the time of his death, Sir Everett Millais never relaxed his efforts to popularise the Basset in this country, and to him we owe the present healthy state of the breed. Good specimens never were so plentiful, and although objection has been taken to the

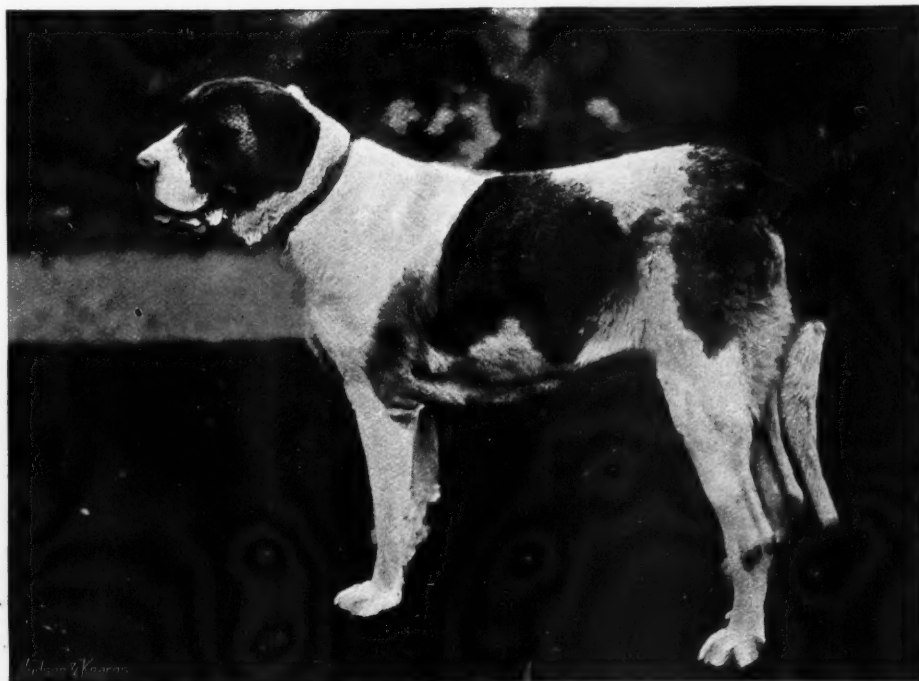


Photo. by Stuart,

LADY CLYDE.

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crossing with the Bloodhound—a fad of the deceased breeder—all who saw the team of Basset Bloodhounds benched at the Palace show barely twelve months ago, agreed that Sir Everett Millais had achieved success in his experiments. Thoroughness was a very powerful trait in his character, as all readers of his interesting contributions on the subject of rational breeding must admit, most careful notes of every litter he had bred for the last quarter of a century being kept. His "Notes from a Breeder's Diary,"

published yearly in the *Dog Owner's Annual*, have proved of great service to many a beginner. He was a frequent and valued contributor to the *Field*, *Our Dogs*, and other papers devoted to canine topics, and at the time of his death was engaged on an article on the scientific aspect of dog breeding. He was, in fact, the foremost authority on this subject, and his decease, at the early age of 41, is very deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends interested in canines and their welfare. BIRKDALE.

SPLASH-NETTING.

THE fish that is caught in the net can never give to the sportsman the keen sense of delight that he knows when the first tug of the well rising salmon or the rush of the firmly hooked trout sends tingling thrills down all the rod's length to his fingers. These delicate, subtle, sensuous moments of pleasure are not to be found in net-fishing, but there is a form of net-fishing that gives good fun, of a blunter, more boisterous kind, and a scene that yields to no salmon or trout fishing, with the rod and line, in its picturesqueness.

so as to scare the escaping fish back, and finally, before the dragging of the net begins, to prod with the long pole the holes and crannies which are likely resorts of a skulker. Then, when all is ready, begins the closing act of the drama—DRAWING IN THE NET. At the first it is, likely enough, a matter of winding up with windlass, for the net is a heavy thing in the water; it has fetched a mighty circle, and the corks that act as its floats on its upper wall, to keep it vertical, take a deal of dragging. Slowly the net comes in. The men in the



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

GETTING READY FOR A SECOND CAST.

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Of net-fishing the finest, most sporting, and most exciting kind is, beyond doubt, that which is known as "splash-netting." It has various forms. Less colloquially it might, perhaps, be better called "seine-net-fishing," but the "splash" of the less correct phrase conjures at once a vision of some of its qualities of delight—the shouts, the splashes, the noise, the dancing water. There, in the illustrations, is splash-netting in its highest form—that form which especially may presume to the more dignified name of seine-netting—the form it takes on the pools and reaches of a great river, when the "lordly salmon" is the especial quarry. This, as may be seen, is a daylight business. Carefully, for any tangle will give dreadful trouble later, the net is taken from the cart on which it has been conveyed, and laid orderly in the boat. The boat is thrust out from shore; the net, "paid out" as the boat slowly moves, at length encircles the whole pool that it is proposed to drag. Meantime the fish, alarmed by these preparations, have been trying to escape *somewhere*—up the head of the pool, down the pool's tail, into the holes beneath the rocks, if, indeed, as is not probable, there be much rock where this splash-netting is practised. Therefore it needs, while the net is being "paid out," to splash bravely at the likely places of exit from the pool,

boat will be in the middle of its circuit, ready with club to beat on the head any fish that shows inclination to escape by jumping over the net's wall. So it comes to shore. The two ends are brought together, and now, as the circle grows smaller, the excitement is focussed and burns hot. There, in the boiling water within the net, are gleams of silver, darting this way and that, or lying helpless, with a few heaves of a mighty tail enmeshed. Or, there is a reverse picture—the net comes in stark empty, not a gleam of silver in the whole of it, all the toil and trouble has been for nothing, and the men gaze at each other, silent and with gloomy faces. The salmon is a noble quarry, and it is not according to the order of this universe that we should get great things in numbers or with ease. But when it is a matter of catching, not the lordly salmon, but the scarcely less regal sea trout, and especially that smaller variety—generally regarded as the grilse of the sea trout—known in Scotland as the "finnock," then anything like an empty catch is an exception, and there is every expectation, granted a fair night and good management, of numberless gleams of silver within the net's embrace.

The habits of the sea trout are singularly capricious, far more so than those of salmon, who, once in a pool, remain there

awhile, and then move up higher, like reasonable things. But the sea trout on the coast are fickle, though in certain winds, generally the off-shore wind, they will usually be found near in to land, and it is of little use trying to splash-net them at other times.

Round the burn mouths, where these come out into the sea, they are most constantly to be found lying, and here it is that the splash-netter will have his best catch and best fun. For it is fun that is best enjoyed after nightfall, so that the fish shall not see the net, and at top of the tide, for then the "finnock" will be inclined to go up the burn's mouth. The net is taken out in the boat to fetch a semi-circle around the mouth of the stream, and the while it is so being laid it needs to splash about in the water outside the circle of the net, so that those fish that strive to escape beyond it may be frightened back within it. Then, when the net has been laid in a semi-circle around the mouth of the burn, there begins the biggest splashing and fun of all. For many of the fish will have been scared, by the lantern's light, by the splashing, and by the laying out of the net, far up the stream, and all these have to be chased down again. So now the fun is to go up along the burn a couple of hundred yards or so on both sides, and there, at a certain spot, to commence the splashing, and so to continue it right down to the river's mouth. This gives no end of occasion for shouting and laughter, those on the one side endeavouring to splash those on the other by the water cast up from the stones thrown in, and again these latter expostulating and retaliating in kind. Thus it is a breathless, a laughing, and a rather dripping crew that arrive at length at the mouth of the river, having driven, as we fondly hope, all the finnock down the stream and into the net's embraces.

Then begins the final scene, the drawing together of the net. For in this splash-netting, at the burn's mouth, and in the darkness, it is not so convenient to drag the net ashore as to bring the two ends of it together, to perfect the circle, and so to drag it, under the lantern's light, into the boat. And, meantime, while the circle is being completed, a mighty splashing has to be



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

DRAWING IN THE NET.

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kept up, to prevent the fish dashing out before the two ends of the circumference have come together. At length it is complete, and now the net is to be hauled into the boat. Already gleaming streaks have flashed through the obscurity of the water under the lantern's gleam, and now, as they are closed into smaller and yet smaller space, the gleams grow more frequent until they seem like the reflection of a swarm of meteors. The gleams take shape, a fish here and there dances over the net wall, but most of them are within the toils, are drawn, flapping and reluctant, into the boat, together with the net's dank coils. That essay at our splash-netting is over. It is not impossible that a lucky haul may have brought us from fifty to a hundred fish.

Other seine-netting and splash-netting there is too—dragging the net out in a semi-circle through the breakers so far as a man can find foothold to carry it, and so to surround and drag ashore all that its circuit may contain of flat fish, or perchance a bass, or whatever there may be. This is a sport that has all the excitement of battling with the breaking waves, and of the uncertainty of its results, but it does not compare, either in results or sport, with the netting of the salmon or the sea trout.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CYCLING NOTES.



Photo. Thomas, MISS HEPWORTH DIXON.

Cheapside.

DOCTORS differ in opinions on the hygienic influences of cycling, though the vast majority are decisively in its favour. The general view is that it is good, both for men and women, if they practise it in moderation, and this is much what may be said of most good things. Excess in this, as in other exercises, is evil. One would imagine that nearly every muscle of the body was exercised in cycling, but that there is a certain exception is shown clearly enough by the discovery that some doctors have made—that persons suffering so badly from sciatica as to be practically unable to walk can yet cycle without any serious pain. At a certain watering-place where people with rheumatic affections go to drink the nasty but wholesome waters, the leading doctor especially recommends cycling as a means of taking exercise to those whom sciatica prevents from walking. Of course it does not suit those who are crippled by the commoner rheumatic pains that are less strictly localised, but when the sciatic nerve alone is affected, there are cases of patients who have been able to ride their ten miles on a tricycle though unable to walk across the room without support. Apparently cycling is a form of motion that does not call the muscles through which the sciatic nerve passes into use at all, and surely it is a comfort to find some mode of getting about despite so crippling an infliction. Moreover, it must be of benefit to be able to exercise the muscles in general without straining that one whose slightest effort gives such acute pain. It may not happen that everyone suffering from this distressing torture can cycle, but certainly some can, so it seems worth the while of all to make the trial.

By way of addition to some previous notes on saddles, one should, perhaps, notice the "cush" pad, adaptable to Brookes', and, indeed, to any ordinary type of saddle. It is called "Glynn's Patent," is sold by Jaeger, and made of Jaeger material. It consists simply of a pad, which the Jaeger woollen stuff covers on both sides; it can be tied on to the saddle by ribbons attached to the pad, or taken off again at will, and has the further advantage of giving the rider a comfortable seat when he is resting and the grass is too wet to be inviting. According to its designer's purpose, however, its use is to form a buffer between the rider and the uncompromising hardness of the leather.

The *Field* recently had an article on the cyclist and his bell, and it is good to see that the leader writer of that paper shares the view expressed in these notes that anything in the nature of a continuously sounding bell, such as has been proposed for the use of British cyclists, and is, in fact, in fairly common use on the Continent, would be likely to defeat its object of giving warning to people. It would be like the cry of "Wolf"—so often repeated when there was no danger that the hearers declined to pay any attention to it when the danger

was really imminent. Even as it is the cyclist has some ground of complaint against pedestrians on this very count. Often he sounds his bell and they take no heed of it. Of course they are in their right in thinking that, even for their own sakes, cyclists will steer clear of them, but there is a certain duty of courtesy due even to a cyclist, and it is scarcely courteous on a pedestrian's part, who has exclusive right to the footway, to continue to occupy, without concern, the one rideable track on a road, and to compel the cyclist to circumnavigate him over the flints. On the whole, there is no doubt that cyclists and pedestrians and carriage folk are beginning to understand each other far better than they used to. The danger will become far less when cycling ceases to be so much of a new thing. As it is, a race of middle-aged persons, who had never heard of such a thing as a cycling bell in their youth, are being trained to comprehend its meaning at an age at which they do not assimilate new ideas very rapidly. The result is often that they exhibit the extreme of agitation or the extreme of inattention when the cyclist rings. And either extreme is a cause of danger, the former being by far the more productive of accident, for the action of an agitated person is as likely to take him into the direct track of the cyclist as out of it. For this reason it is always better, if the bell is to be rung, that it should be rung while the rider is still at a reasonable distance from the pedestrian. This permits the irresponsible movements of agitation to take place before the cycle and pedestrian are in contact, permits the cyclist to alter the course, and the pedestrian to regain equanimity. Where it is obvious that the pedestrian is pursuing a safe path, with ample room for the cyclist to pass, it is really not necessary for the latter to vex the former's soul by sounding his bell at all.

In America, that land of all that is novel, they appear to be running a species of cycle on rails. Such a cycle, however, must be so far unlike any machine to which we give that name that it almost seems as if it might be better, if *Hibernica*, described as a hand-car worked by the feet. But it is not necessary to cavil at the name to see that this is a notion that is capable of a great deal of expansion and may lead to some new developments. A singular effect of the introduction of cycling into America, and its universal use, is that the high roads have been very greatly improved. America, it is to be remembered, never had much in the way of stage-coach roads; the stage-coach was never so important a factor in their social economy as imperatively to require those excellent roads that are the blessing of the British cyclist to-day. America quickly passed from the era of the pack horse and waggon to the era of the steam locomotive on rails. But since the introduction of cycling Americans have found the want of good roads, and having found that they wanted them, they took very effective means for getting them, by making it a condition in the election of the officials into whose department the road repairing business fell, that they should see that the roads really were repaired. Now, if we could only return to Parliament members pledged to see righted the wrongs that the cyclist undoubtedly suffers at the hands of the British railway companies, it would make our lot very much more tolerable. These wrongs have been descanted upon in these notes before, and doubtless will be again and again, if they are not righted, for the utter lack of accommodation provided for our bicycles in return for the ample consideration that

we give the railway people for conveying them is quite exasperating. Lately, on one of the main trains to the North, the writer saw an immense heap of luggage piled into the van and, on top of it all, wedged between the roof of the van and the pile, three bicycles, lying horizontal, their pedals tearing out each others' entrails. It was heartrending, and the only alleviation was knowing that neither of these bicycles was the property of the writer. But that was only an accident, and it may be the writer's or the reader's very own precious bike that will have to suffer the like terrible things on the very next journey. If we did not have to pay a special rate we should not grumble at being shown no special consideration; but if cycles are to be treated like ordinary baggage, why should we not be allowed to carry them at ordinary baggage rates? No doubt some protection is given by the wicker cases in which some careful folk carry their bikes, but the wicker crate is a great bother at the journey's end, when one wishes to ride the bicycle from the station to the home of one's pilgrimage. It adds sensibly to the already fairly extensive pile of necessary luggage. The canvas cases are no doubt more portable, but they give less adequate protection, and, after all, why, for the special rates we pay, should we not have something in the way of special care in return?

One continues to hear good accounts of the single tube, and also of the self-sealing tyres. One has to go a good deal by report, for it is impossible to make a personal trial of every invention, though the writer makes a point of keeping two bicycles in use for that very object, so that one may be in riding while the other is being fitted with the new "notion." If you are but a single horse rider you will find it quite impossible to keep pace with the times in this matter of new inventions, for if you sent the machine to be fitted with each important one as it came out you would never have it at home to make a trial of any one of them, and the worst of some of them is that it needs a good deal of time to give them a fair experiment. The length of time for which they will last in good working order is one of the points which it is sometimes most important to test, and, *a propos*, the writer has a friend who has ridden 3,000 miles on one of the single tyres without a mishap and without a puncture. Not only so, but the miles have been over a diversified quality of ground, both in England and on the Continent, including some riding on those excellent French roads which the guileless *paysan* is said to pave with sabot nails for the special behoof of the cyclist. The self-sealing tyre has also a very good report, after a prolonged trial, and in neither of these tyres does there seem to be any loss of that pneumatic resilience which does as much for us as any pneumatic or springy arrangement of the saddle to save us from concussion when we ride over jolty roads.

The only point of doubt about the excellence of the Petersen bicycle, which threatens to invade us next spring, is whether the concussion of these jolts and jars will not be rather severe on so light a machine. We suffered badly from a similar cause with some of the Columbia bikes of which we have made trial. It may be possible to combine extreme lightness with tolerable comfort in riding over the ordinary and not too excellent roads of our island, but, if it be a possibility, it is one that has yet to be realised. Perhaps the Petersen will be found to have solved the problem.

A SECOND CROP OF HAY.

AUTUMN has this year greeted the farmer with both hands full. It has brought a good wheat crop and good prices, and on many farms it has also given a second crop of hay.

The heat of the early summer quickly matured the grass, and the hayfields were cleared more than a fortnight earlier than usual. Then, after another month's warmth, came the rains, and the second crop sprang up so fast that in the richer meadows and on the sainfoin fields and clover layers it is now a heavy crop. It is particularly welcome this season, for the rise in the price of grain will make it wasteful to dispose of the poorer qualities of wheat and barley by feeding stock with it. Two years ago, wheat—the staff of life for man—was so unsaleable a commodity that many farmers had their low-gradecorn ground into meal to feed cattle, sheep, and even pigs. This year no such waste of good material will be possible; and the second crop of hay will take its place in the mixed feeding of cows, sheep, and farm horses.

LATE HAYMAKING is rather anxious work. It usually takes place in a wet year, and the crop has to be "won" among storms and showers. The grass is quite different to that of the first crop. There are few prettier things than the stuff which we call hay when it is *not* hay, but herbage standing ready to be cut. This is when all the various plants which go to make up the herbage on old meadows is just in seed, or changing from flower to seed. There are some thirty different grasses, clovers, trefoils, dwarf vetches, and leguminous plants, besides field flowers, all ripe or ripening. That is the moment at which to



Photo. by C. Reid, H. Shaw.

LATE HAYMAKING.

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cut the hay, and that is why hay fever abounds then, for all the microscopic spores and seed of the grasses and herbage are floating notes in the perfumed air.

There is more chance of catching a cold than of catching hay fever when the late crop is cut. It is grass and herbage in the leaf, not in the flower, and its whole material is differently composed. The bulk is often very considerable, and it is very heavy. This is because the leaves and stalks are built up mainly of cells containing a large proportion of water. It is the creation of rain, rather than of sun, and in the present autumn rain has been more than usually dominant in forcing the growth of meadow grass, without sun to sweeten it.

At its base is a thick mass of dark green blades, almost colourless at the bottom, for want of light and air. The taller growth is of better quality, red clover and vetchling predominating. This dark green grass, full of moisture within, dries slowly. The work of making the hay is also retarded by the absence of warmth in the sun's rays during a damp autumn. The morning dews are cold and wetting, and the evenings close in apace. This is the anxious side of late haymaking. But the brighter side is shown in our illustrations. September often brings a fortnight's brilliant sunshine. Then there is no more happy and successful person than the owner of A FOUR-TON LOAD of well-won September hay. The work is delightful after the heavy strain of the corn harvest. It is a positive relief both to men and horses to get out of the blazing yellow stubble fields, shadeless and dazzling, into the rich green of the aftermath, and the shade of big trees, made fresh again by autumn rains. In place of hard spiky stubble there are cushions of soft grass. Meals are eaten under the tall shady hedges, where blackberries and apples make dessert after luncheon of bread and cheese and ale, and everyone revels in the change of work and scene. Even the horses seem to gain new life, as they munch the succulent grass, and pull the hay-waggons with a very different air to that with which they faced the collar in the last days of toil during the barley harvest.

Clover and sainfoin normally yield a second crop. Unlike the late meadow hay, this does not differ much in quality from that of the first cutting. The clover flowers a second time, and every sportsman is familiar with the exquisite beauty and perfume of the fields of "clover buds," in which the birds lie like stones until the beaters almost tread upon them.

This year most of the late clover was cut before the 1st of September, and of the "made pasture" only lucerne remained standing as cover for the birds.

In rich and temperate countries like England, the second hay crop comes as a kind of *douceur*, something thrown in gratis in a good year. We are so well supplied by Nature as to find it difficult to realise that there are countries in civilised Europe where hay is only cut as a late crop, and in very scanty quantities, and that if this fails there is absolutely nothing to take its place as food for



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

A FOUR-TON LOAD.

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the cattle in winter. If the hay is not won, these have to face six months of semi-starvation. This was formerly the case in many of the Highland glens. There the store of winter fodder was often exhausted by the end of February, and the month of March was known as lifting time, because the small cattle were so weak from hunger that they had to be lifted up and set on their legs before being driven out of the cow shelter to seek the first spring grass. In Norway the same danger is always threatened, for winter seals up each valley, and if the food fails there it is impossible to cart a fresh supply over the intervening mountains. Consequently, every tiny patch of grass is carefully mown. Small scythes are used, and the Norse farmer cuts his crop round the rocks, between the stones, and among the stems of the bushes. When he has cut his crop he hangs it up to dry! The precious hay is laid over the rail fences which take the place of hedges in Norway, and there it rapidly dries in the wind and sun.

In Norway an ungenial climate begets thrift, industry, and carefulness, and the peasant is able to lead a self-respecting and respectable existence. Less rigorous conditions of climate in the Highlands of Scotland have produced the crofter, whose way of life does not contrast favourably with that of his Norwegian brother farmer, dwelling further north, and in a colder land.

C. J. CORNISH.

TWO OLD PONIES.

IN the long ago, to be more exact, in the early eighties, there lived in a primitive old-world village, in the wilds of beautiful Sussex, a pony whose age was popularly supposed to have so far exceeded the allotted span, that he was regarded by all the country-side as an equine Methuselah. But alas! he came to a sudden and a tragic end. As described by a friend and neighbour of the pony's owner, it happened in this wise. "Laast Thursd'y 'ee" (the owner) "drove 'ees old pony over t'Arsham Mäarket, and as 'ee was coomin' bäack 'ee fell döwn dead. 'Ee says I doan no what's the maatter wi' 'im, 'ee never sairved me this trick aflower." It is impossible to reproduce in print the inflections and cadences of the ludicrously mournful sing-song drawl of this South Saxon yokel, but that he should have

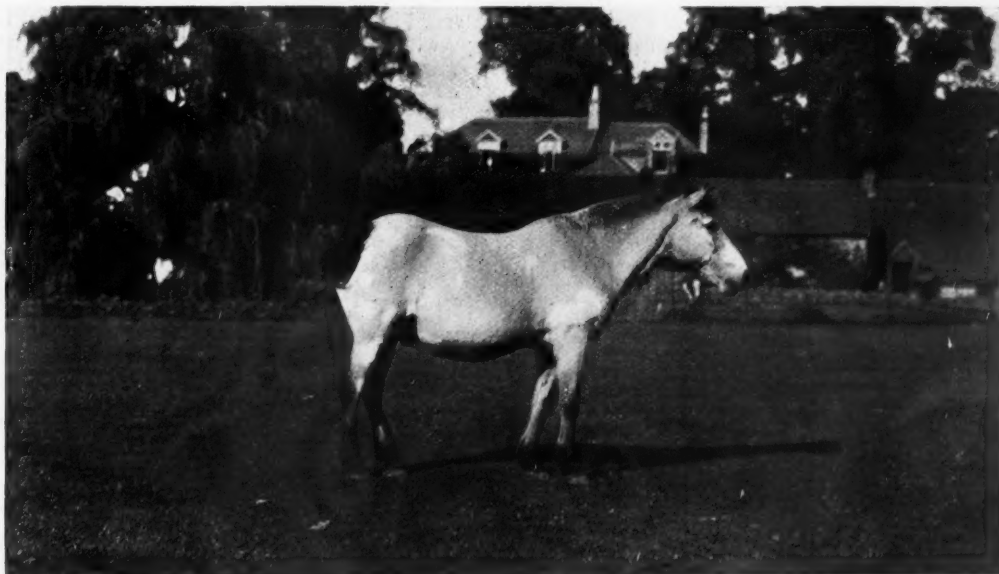


Photo. by C. Hussey.

KONG KARL

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made the statement as he did, quite seriously, and without recognising the humour of it, added not a little to the amusement of his listeners. It was difficult to be grave, but the answer was irresistible. "It was satisfactory," he was assured, "that he had cleared the character of the dear departed, and to know that he was not given to vicious practices of this kind, that ponies who had acquired the uncomfortable habit of falling 'dēown dead' promiscuously were not to be relied on or recommended, especially to timid drivers; it was a habit in ponies that should be checked early, as it grew on them, and, if persisted in, was likely, sooner or later, to prove fatal."

But all this gentle sarcasm was wasted; the joke, even savouring as it did of Joe Miller, was too elaborate for this worthy tiller of the soil—he saw it not. The pony's age, he went on to state, was "som'ers abēout thirty," but further enquiry elicited the information that this was merely hearsay; like sausages and some other things, the pony's antecedents were "wropt in mistry," as Jeames hath it, and no reliable data were available by which his real age could be determined.

But accepting the popular estimate of "som'ers abēout thirty" as the correct one, he was quite a juvenile compared with two venerable Norse ponies I have recently had the

About twenty years ago they drifted gradually into doing the whole of the work on a fifty-acre farm, ploughing, harrowing, mowing, or whatever was required. Until two years ago they did the mowing and carting of twenty to thirty acres of hay in addition to their other work. For the past two seasons, however, the harrowing and mowing have been done for them, but hay carting and ploughing is still well within their capabilities; indeed, they can do anything almost which does not compel them to go faster than a walk, which has always been their best pace.

Their teeth, wonderful to relate, are still good, but as a concession to age their oats are bruised. As our illustration shows, they find no difficulty whatever in grazing, and keep themselves in very good condition. They live out of doors all the year, and are never clipped, but their extraordinary constitutions are proof against all the vagaries of the English climate. That at their great age they are not absolutely sound can hardly be wondered at. The elder one is weak in the wind, the younger suffers from navicular disease of old standing, but these infirmities of age have come upon them imperceptibly, and in no way interfere with their usefulness in their own sphere. As phaeton cobs they were fairly fast, without the slightest pretension to what hackney fanciers recognise as action,

and they were untiring workers at their own pace, ready always for the longest journey, and never known to be off their feed. They would have been ideal ponies for children, but for a rooted conviction that on many questions they knew better than their young riders. It was useless to argue with them; "mouths" they had none—they merely wanted their own way; but to do them justice, they never enforced it in any unpleasant manner. They were innocent of rearing and kicking, indeed, their tempers were and are perfect, but if they wished to go down a lane or turn in at a gateway, they did so, gently, but quite firmly, and remonstrances enforced by an ordinary bridle were quite useless. The ponies are of the usual colour, dun, with black manes and tails, and the curious zebra markings on their legs and the stripe along the spine typical of their breed.

With their mistress and her daughter these ponies, it is needless to add, are prime favourites, and they return the ladies' affection in the prettiest and most demonstrative manner. Miss Langworthy, to whom I am indebted for much of the information here given concerning them, called my attention to an odd peculiarity, a thick fold of flesh at the poll—"almost suggestive," my informant added, "of the horn of the traditional unicorn."

Beyond their great age, there is nothing remarkable about their appearance, but surely such a long and honourable record will be of interest to all lovers of horses, and so may be considered fully worthy of more than a passing notice in COUNTRY LIFE.



Photo. by C. Hussey.

HAKON JARL AND KONG KARL.

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pleasure of interviewing, and whose portraits are here reproduced.

The elder one, KONG KARL, shown in the first picture, was foaled in 1862, the younger one, Hakon Jarl—there is somehow or other a slight Scandinavian flavour about these names—is two years his junior, and dates from 1864 only. These ages, great as they are, are absolutely authentic, and are vouched for by the owner of the ponies, Mrs. Langworthy, of Holyport, in whose possession they have been since 1868, in which year they were purchased in Norway, being then six and four years old respectively, as a pair to drive in a ladies' phaeton. They stand 14.2 and 14.1½, and for their size are very powerful.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE RIFLE BUTTS, DONCASTER.

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THE DONCASTER SEPTEMBER MEETING.

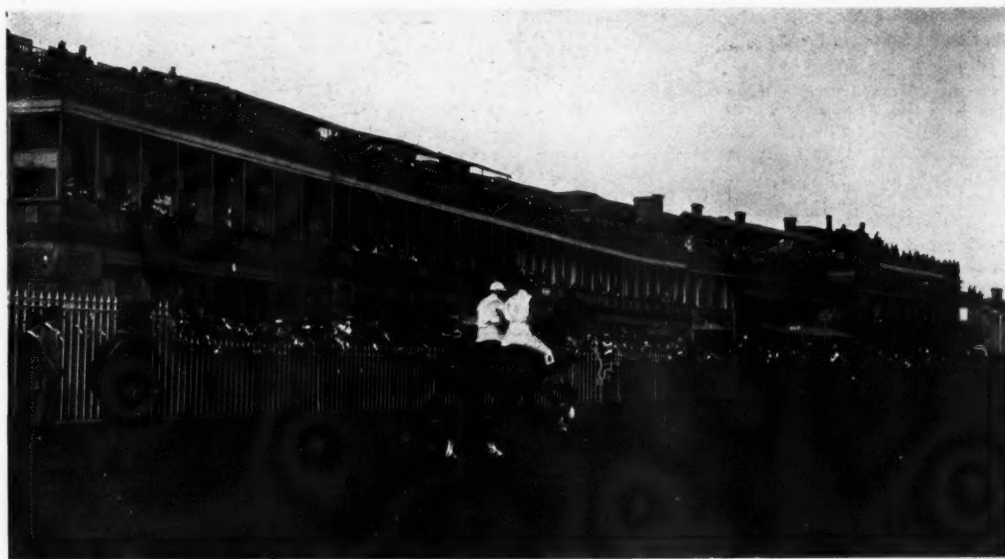
THE limited space at our disposal last week for dealing with Doncaster races did not permit of more than a few pictures of some of the incidents on the St. Leger day being reproduced. The accompanying illustrations are of the racing which took place on the Thursday, when the first item on the programme was the Wharncliffe Stakes, for which no fewer than fourteen turned out. There was a very good average attendance, the company being quite equal to that of Tuesday. The course was in grand order. The joint bottom weights for the Wharncliffe Stakes were Surf Duck and Restored. The latter was made favourite at 11 to 2. In order to ride Miss Fraser, M. Cannon was compelled to carry 4lb. overweight, and, as in the case of the Doncaster Welter Plate, he had to rest content with third place. For all that, Lord



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AFTER THE WHARNCLIFFE STAKES.

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Photo, by Rouch.

WILDFOWLER AND WATERHEAD CANTERING DOWN.

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Photo, by Rouch.

THE ROUS PLATE; THE WINNER COMING BACK.

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Ellesmere's filly made a better show than on the occasion alluded to, and hunted Mount Prospect and Sulks home, of whom the three year old, in scoring by a neck, gave a good performance. The whole of the thirteen entered for the Juvenile Plate came to the post. Ocean Rover was seen for the first time since, when known as Thief of the World, he won a similar sort of race at Lewes. He got badly away when the flag fell, and, as a matter of fact, never looked dangerous. Lady Flash and Kitty Grey raced to the bend well clear of St. Jessica and Capitola. The quartette then closed, and Lady Flash gained the verdict from Kitty Grey by a short head.

For the Rous Plate for two year olds a field of eleven came to the post. The penalised division consisted of St. Ia, Tears of Joy, and Queen of the Isles filly, of whom the two first named finished second and third. They were, however, unable to make much of a fight against Wildfowler, with Wood up, who had all his own way after shaking off Glenlara at the finish.

After his hard race of the previous day General Peace did not put in an appearance for the Alexandra Plate, and Dinna Forget, having been backed down to 100 to 6 for the Cambridgeshire, was most in favour, with Phœbus Apollo, Eileen Aigas, and Bach also well looked after. Although Dinna Forget finished second, there was never any real danger to Phœbus Apollo from the moment that he took up the running just before rounding the bend, previous to which the penalised Prince Barcaldine and Clipstone had been in the van. This was the first victory of Phœbus Apollo this season, the last successful effort of the son of St. Simon and Polynesia having been in the Chesterfield Cup at the Goodwood Meeting in 1896.

The Portland Plate, the most important event of the day, brought out fifteen competitors—half a dozen less than last year. Class was well

represented by Kilcock, who carried top weight, 9st. 13lb., and others of the heavy-weights were Amphora and Ugly, Egerton House being also represented by Kilkerran. Kilcock, Melange, and Fosco were in turn supported at 6 to 1, and ultimately Kilcock settled down a 9 to 2 chance. Fosco remained stationary, Melange shifted a little, and Hellebore was easier as the wagering progressed. Amphora and Bellevin were much fancied, as also was Kilkerran at 10 to 1, with double these odds being laid against Ugly. There was considerable delay at the post, but when the flag at last fell Bellevin jumped off in front of Ugly, Melange, and Kilkerran—Fosco, Hellebore, Saint Noel, and Kilcock also being well placed. In rounding the bend Bellevin began to stop, and at the distance the Egerton House pair were racing in front side by side from Kilcock. The last named fought gamely to the end, but he could not quite

reach the other two, of whom Kilkerran defeated his stable companion by a head. Kilkerran is the joint property of Lord Charles Montagu and Lord Wolverton, so that the second named received some consolation for the defeat of his own colours. A field of fifteen also contested the Corporation Selling Handicap. Landmark opened favourite, but had to give way to Bailarina, with Hivite in most request of the remainder. The three finished first, second, and third, Landmark making a final effort opposite the stand and winning in the last stride. She was sold to Mr. Sneyd for 230 guineas. The day's racing ended with the Scarborough Stakes, in which Sandia, penalised 7lb., and Foston renewed their spring antagonism of the Nork Park Plate at Epsom. The placings were the same, for although Sandia was the worse favourite, owing to the report that he had recently broken a blood-vessel, he collared Foston inside the distance, and won easily.

THE DONCASTER SALES.

DURING the four days spent in the sale-paddock at Doncaster no less than 530 thoroughbreds went through the sale-rings, of which 399 were yearlings. These last were the progeny of 133 different sires, and, taken all together, I doubt if a better all round lot were ever offered during this particular week. A large proportion of the best of these have been fully described in these columns, and of those specially recommended very few failed to make good prices.

Business began on Tuesday, when trade was certainly slack, as, although the prices realised were a trifle higher than they were on the same day last year, a large number of lots went through the rings unsold. Mr. J. V. Lawrance's yearlings were the first to create any excitement, and out of his four the brown son of Hampton and Exning Lass—a really good yearling—went to Mr. Ernest Cassel for 1,250 guineas, whilst the chestnut colt by Ayrshire out of Wishing Gate, that I liked even better, was bought by Mr. Robson for 1,000 guineas. The Heather Stud yearlings have been described in COUNTRY LIFE, and I was glad to see that eleven of them, out of twelve, found purchasers, though the prices they fetched were, in several cases, far below their value. I shall be much surprised if some of them do not turn out great bargains.

There was some much brisker bidding on Wednesday, some really high-class yearlings being offered. The young Meltons, from the Westerham Stud, of course fetched good prices, his bay filly, Melinda out of Fame, making 1,100 guineas. Lord Scarborough's lot of thirteen, a description of which appeared in these columns previous to the sale-week, hardly made their full value. The highest price obtained was, as I felt sure would be the case, for the brother to Clwyd—a really beautiful colt. The rest of the Heather Stud yearlings made fair prices, though the bay filly by Orme out of Can't went for half her value at 210 guineas. However, when the Bruntwood youngsters came into the ring the big guns began to open fire. Of this lot, the four specially noticed in my description of this stud made 1,100 guineas, 1,650 guineas, 1,000 guineas, and 3,000 guineas. These were the bay filly by Kendal out of Lucy Ashton, bought by Mr. J. A. Miller; the very racing-like chestnut colt by Kendal out of Pixie, secured by Mr. Hamar Bass; the sharp little bay son of St. Simon and Lonely, which went cheaply enough to the same buyer; and the beautiful bloodlike chestnut filly by Kendal out of St. Marguerite, for whom



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A BUSY SCENE

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SLEDMERE YEARLINGS WALKING ROUND.

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Sir B. undell Maple gave 3,000 guineas, and passed her on at a profit immediately afterwards. I was surprised that Kendal's Geraldine colt did not make more than 750 guineas, and perhaps the cheapest yearling sold will turn out to be the brown daughter of Kendal and Teacher, who went to Sam Darling for 210 guineas, and will win a race early next spring. Four nice fillies from the Wisdom Stud were sold for less than their value, and five of Captain Fife's useful little lot found purchasers at fair prices, though the colt by Hazlelatch out of Bernina was fairly given to George Chaloner for 260 guineas.

There was a big crowd round the ring on Thursday as soon as it was known that the Sledmere yearlings were coming in. These always create plenty of excitement, and I was told by a very good judge, a week or two ago, that they were the best lot he had ever seen bred by one man. The prices realised fully bore out this opinion. Mr. Simons Harrison sent up a really good lot, as I know from a careful personal

inspection of them, and the best price obtained was the 1,200 guineas given by Baron Oppenheim for the filly by Ayrshire out of Orsova. The bay filly by Orme out of Pamela was dirt cheap at 510 guineas; and why no one gave more than 300 guineas—less than half his value—for the colt by Orme out of Sterling Love, fairly puzzled me. Other very cheap yearlings sold on this day were Mr. G. Wilson's really good colt by St. Serf out of Constance, which went, far below his value, for 400 guineas, and Mr. J. Snarry's bay filly Glitters, by Ingram out of Golden Agnes, which made 370 guineas. The Theakston Hall yearlings, as has already been stated in COUNTRY LIFE, were a good well-grown lot, and of these my favourite, the bay colt by Tyrant out of Ewesdaie, made 800 guineas, whilst Mr. Wallace Johnstone gave 1,400 guineas for the racing-like chestnut daughter of Raeburn and Fanny Brandling. The young Balmorals, from the Wisdom Stud, were a really useful lot, and ought to have made much more than they did, although their well-bred sire has still to make a name, but the chestnut colt by St. Angelo out of Flint made 360 guineas, the highest price of the lot.

The principal feature of Friday's sales was the sale of Mr. Sneyd's yearlings. These had been very fully described in COUNTRY LIFE on the previous Saturday, and they made good prices on the whole, though there were certainly two or three bargains amongst them. The four I liked best were the two colts by Blue Green out of Catherine II. and Thuria, the colt by Dog Rose out of Pink, and the filly by Blue Green out of Rose Marion, and these made 630 guineas, 610 guineas, 760 guineas, and 700 guineas respectively. A very nice filly, too, was that by Sheen out of Phosphine, bought by W. G. Stevens at 720 guineas, whilst the daughter of Dog Rose and Molly Lepel was dirt cheap at 310 guineas, and is sure to win races. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will all know what I thought of Mr. Miles l'Anson's yearlings, and his colt by Breadknife out of Pin-Money. Perhaps the cheapest

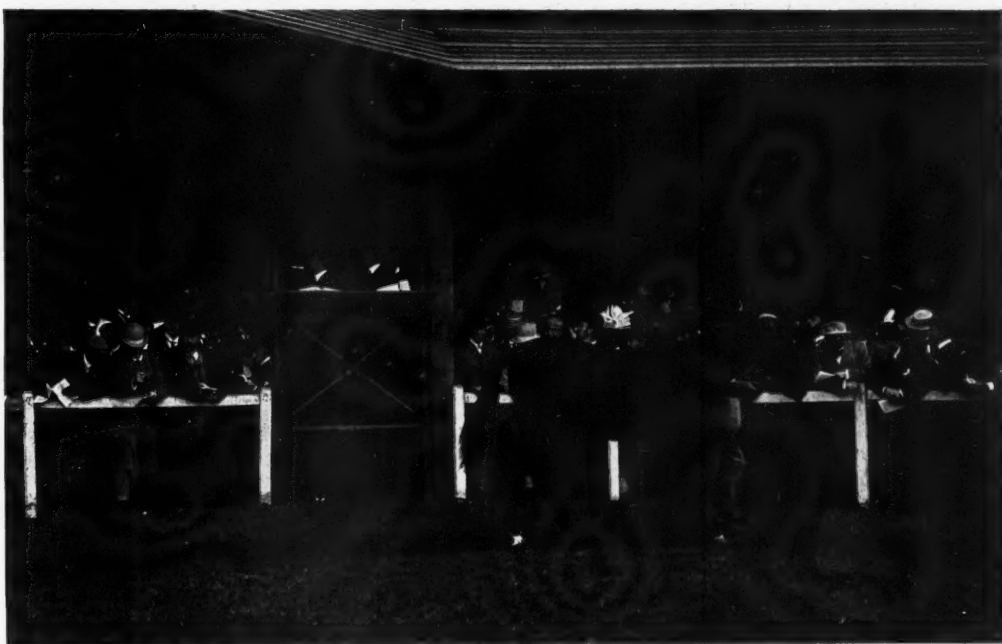


Photo. by Rouch. C. BY ST. SIMON—PLAISANTERIE UNDER THE HAMMER. Copyright—"C.L."

yearling of the lot was this last at 100 guineas. Another that is sure to race is the bay colt by Hagioscope out of Bonnie Elsie, a rare hard-looking sort, and very cheap indeed at 270 guineas. Before these sales commenced it was stated in these columns that the youngsters to be offered were, if anything, above the usual average, and I think that this opinion has been borne out by the result, as, although a number were certainly bought cheaply, and plenty of unfashionably-bred ones were not sold at all, a larger number than usual of the lots offered changed hands, and there was quite as much money as anyone could have expected for the really good lots. I cannot help thinking that the present system of selling by studs is a bad one. It is certainly very unfair to those who are put early or late in the catalogue. A much more sensible plan would be to draw lots for every individual yearling's place in the catalogue. This would give everyone an equal chance, and many a good yearling who is now given away because he is not seen would make a fair price. I commend this idea to the notice of Messrs. Tattersall.

RACING NOTES.

THERE was some fairly interesting racing last week, the meetings at Ayr and Great Yarmouth being especially well attended. Monday racing is never popular, and in spite of glorious weather, very few people went to see the first day's sport at Warwick. Neither was the racing of any importance, whilst backers must have had a bad time, as only one favourite got home throughout the afternoon. Tuesday was a better day all round, and there was a good race for the Warwick Handicap Plate, for which ten runners went to the post. That it was looked upon as a very open event, the fact of 5 to 1 being

obtainable about each of the three favourites, Opoponax, Mowbray, and Tight Rope, up to the fall of the flag, conclusively shows. Close home Sir James Miller's Angelot looked like winning, but N. Robinson brought out Opoponax just at the right moment, and won by three parts of a length. The winner is an aged horse by Ossian out of Rose, and he evidently likes this course, as he won here in April last, since which he had made eight unsuccessful appearances.

Yarmouth is always a pleasant little meeting, and one that is usually well patronised by the Newmarket trainers.

The two days' racing there last week formed no exception to this rule, and provided some interesting sport. It was stated in these notes, very early in the present season, that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild would play a strong hand in two year olds, and events have fully endorsed this prediction. Among the many juveniles that have carried his colours successfully is Guisla, whose last appearance up to the Wednesday had been when she won the Corporation Plate, at Brighton, in August. She was giving 11lb. to two of her opponents in the Great Yarmouth Two Year Old Stakes, and 14lb. to the third, but, for all that, odds of 6 to 5 were laid on her chance. And, moreover, she won cleverly by three-quarters of a length from Escorial, who had run fairly well in the Rangemore Stakes at Derby. The winner is by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's handsome little sire, Lactantius, out of Guinevra. She has won five out of the seven races in which she has taken part this season, her last week's success making her fourth successive victory. She began the season by running second to St. Ia at Lincoln, and then won the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton. Her only other defeat was in the



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. DONCASTER SALES; LEAVING THE RING.

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Sudbury Stakes, at Derby, in April, since which she has beaten Canter for the Hassocks Plate at Brighton, won the Stamford Two Year Old Plate at Chester, finished in front of Rococo and The Khedive at Brighton, and won the event at Yarmouth just alluded to.

The Khedive, who was very readily disposed of by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's useful filly at Brighton, in August last, has been a disappointing youngster since he made a victorious *debut* in the Little John Plate at Nottingham, in April last. In that race he finished a length and a-half in front of Beverini, who had just previously won the Wakefield Lawn Stakes, at Northampton, and he created such a good impression by the style in which he won that a large sum was offered and refused for him. Since then he has met with a long series of defeats, but he has generally been running in fairly good company, and it did not look a very big task for him to give a few pounds to each of his five moderate opponents in the Hastings Nursery Handicap. Demi Vierge, who won the Troy Stakes at Stockbridge, and to whom he was giving 2lb., was made favourite at 9 to 4, whilst Khedive had plenty of supporters at 11 to 4. He won very cleverly by a couple of lengths from Chubb, who took a Nursery at the last Sandown Park Meeting. Simple Aven, also a recent winner, was third, and Demi Vierge fourth. Although probably not so good as he was once thought to be, the son of Gervas (by Trappist, son of Hermit) and The Old Lady will always be useful in his own class.

That terribly shifty four year old, His Reverence, who is a beautifully bred horse, by St. Simon out of Miss Middlewick, and can, no doubt, gallop when he is in the mind to do so, took part in the principal event of the day, the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap. The four year old Kopely (8st. 7lb.), who ran second to Marco at Nottingham, in August, was made favourite at 2 to 1, 11 to 4 being taken about His Reverence (8st. 8lb.). The winner turned up in the moderate and lightly-weighted Kyoto, who, with only 7st. 3lb. on his four year old back, got home a head in front of His Reverence, with the favourite nowhere.

Although that good two year old, Champ de Mars, was beaten by Disraeli at Derby, there was small chance indeed of anything being found good enough to take his number down in the Autumn Stakes at Ayr. In fact, only two were found brave enough to make the attempt. These were two stable companions, Bavelaw Castle, to whom Mr. Douglas Baird's colt was giving 6lb., and Sweet Afton, in receipt of 17lb. from the crack, both bailing from Malton. Neither of them could ever make him gallop, and he won as he liked. The Doncaster winner, Anklebiter, was made favourite for the Stewards' Plate, which he won by a length and a-half from The Quack. The winner is trained by Mr. Dobson Peacock, at Middleham, and is evidently useful in this sort of class just now. The weather, which had been quite brilliant on the opening day, was, with the exception of one slight shower, almost as favourable on Thursday, and the racing was again witnessed by a very large crowd. Mr. Craig's three year old, Northern Farmer, by Laureate II. out of Smock Frock, who won the Crawford Plate, at Newmarket, in April last, and was heavily backed for the Goodwood Stewards' Cup, had been given a decided chance in the Cambridgeshire with his impost of 7st. 11lb. He was, nevertheless, sent to Ayr, where he earned a penalty for his Newmarket engagement by winning the Ayrshire Diamond Jubilee Handicap of 1,000 sovs.

This race was generally looked upon as a good thing for him, in London, when it was known that he was going to run, and it was surprising to find that he had been allowed to start at the long price of 8 to 1. Greenlawn, in spite of his being burdened with 9st. 7lb., was made a joint favourite with No Fool, who was carrying 6st. 12lb., and getting 14lb. from Northern Farmer, whilst Nunsuch (7st. 8lb.) and False Step (7st. 2lb.) were both preferred to Mr. Craig's colt in the market. None of these had any chance with the winner except Greenlawn, who ran with great gameness, and was only beaten by a head. Northern Farmer had everything else well settled some way from home, but perhaps a mile and three furlongs is a little further than he really likes, as Greenlawn, giving him 23lb., only got to his head close home, and would probably have beaten him had the distance been a furlong further. At any rate, his penalty puts him out of court for the Cambridgeshire.

It seemed rather hard lines on Greenlawn to ask him for a second effort on the same afternoon, after his gallant fight with Northern Farmer. It was probably thought that it would not give him much trouble to win the County Cup, and odds of 5 to 2 were laid on his doing so, but he was probably more or less sore after his exertions earlier in the afternoon, and Lord Rosebery's Berkeley, catching him at the distance, beat him by a length. The winner went to the post, with his 7lb. penalty, for the Arran Welter Handicap on the following day. He started favourite, too, but could only finish third to Opera Glass and Chop, to whom he was giving 9lb. and 4lb. respectively. Opera Glass, who won by four lengths, is a chestnut mare by Hagioscope—whose stock are always winning races of some sort or another—out of Jenny. Like most of her family, she stays well in her own class. Previous to this Northern Farmer had been asked to win the Ayr Gold Cup with a 14lb. penalty for his previous day's success. He was backed at 11 to 2, but he never looked really dangerous, and after False Step had once looked like winning, he had to give way to Athel, who won in the last few strides by a neck. The winner, who is an aged gelding by Atheling out of Ada, was once a very speedy horse. He took this same race last year, but he is getting on in years, and this was his first success of the present season. Northern Farmer ran well under his 9st., and was only beaten by a length for second place.

A recent interesting event is the arrival in this country, from America, of Mr. James R. Keene's Cambridgeshire candidate, Voter. This three year old colt, who was foaled in England, and is by Friars' Balsam out of Mavourneen, has 7st. 7lb. to carry in the Newmarket race. How he is to be got fit enough to win an important handicap within six weeks of landing from a voyage across the Atlantic, I confess I cannot see, added to which I believe that he was always best in America over distances short of a mile. The latest movements in the Cesarewitch market show increased confidence in Soliman, to whose chance I drew attention in these notes the moment the weights appeared. Like many others of his sort, he has evidently got confidence from running over hurdles, and even if he had nothing very good to beat in the Metropolitan Stakes, he won that race in the most decided style. Some people take exception to his defeat by Amphidamas and Dusky Queen in the Great Sandown Hurdle Race, but considering that he was giving 8lb. to the former and 20lb. to the latter, it is hardly surprising that he failed; nor do I agree with those who think that he did not run his race right out. Chit Chat is coming into favour, and he is certainly well treated on his last year's running in the same race, but I doubt if he can quite get the Cesarewitch course, and I think Soliman ought to beat him.

Walers as a rule can stay, and if Merman is a real stickler he is bound to very nearly win on his form with Carlton Grange at Lewes. His public form, of course, throws no light on this point, and as he is a horse that never shows his

true form in a home gallop, it is difficult to see how it is ever to be found out except by his running in the race itself. He is to take part in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester, I know, but he is hardly likely to win there, as a mile is certainly not his best distance, and he is badly handicapped with two or three of the others entered. A lot of money has gone on St. Bris at 10 to 1, but I cannot see how he is to win with 8st. 11lb., but Keenan, with only 7st. 5lb., is bound to be dangerous if he will really do his best, about which there may be some doubt. Marco is said to be a genuine stayer, but I should want to know it for certain before I supported him, and the same may be said about Quarrel, but I have some fancy for Laughing Girl, who has won over two miles and has only 6st. 8lb. to carry. Galtee More has gone back to 100 to 6, and will probably go to a longer price still before the day.

The Duke of York Stakes, which will be run at Kempton Park on the 9th of next month, will be an interesting race in itself, and may throw some light on the two Newmarket handicaps, as it did in the cases of Rockdove and Count Schomberg. Clorane, who is top weight, with 9st. 10lb., may go to the post, and must have a chance if he does, but I doubt if this great horse will quite win under such a weight. I do not see how he is to give 20lb. to Diakka. No one can say that Court Ball is not given a chance with only 6st. 11lb. I should fancy Marco, with 8st. 4lb., more than anything else, were he not being prepared for the longer race, and, as it is, Diakka looks to me likely to run well.

There will be plenty of good racing at Manchester to-morrow and Saturday, and an interesting day's sport at Hurst Park on the last day of the week. Ugly ought to win the Palatine Handicap, and Dingle Bay the New Barnes Handicap on Friday, whilst on Saturday Red Heart or Easter Gift may take the Prince Edward Handicap. On the same day, at Hurst Park, Amberite looks best in the Bushey Handicap, Birchrod in the Long Distance Plate, and Stream of Gold for the Staines Nursery.

OUTPOST.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE marriage of the Hon. Maurice Gifford and Miss Marguerite Thorold attracted a large congregation on Tuesday afternoon to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The one-armed bridegroom will be remembered as the leader of the Rhodesia Horse on Jubilee Day. Among the bride's presents is a bracelet of Matabele gold, finished with the jewelled heads of two serpents, their open mouths supporting the bullet that was extracted from Mr. Gifford's shoulder.

On the same day another interesting wedding took place at Wimbledon, the bride being a great-great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., the famous author of "Waverley." Her mother, his great-granddaughter and representative, married the Hon. Joseph Constable Maxwell, J.P., and he assumed the name of Scott in consequence. The bridegroom was Mr. Alec Dalglish-Bellasis, son of Mrs. Dalglish-Bellasis, of Lulworth Castle, Wareham. The marriage was solemnised in the Jesuit Church at Wimbledon.

Niagara reopens next Saturday, October 2nd. Mr. Harry Stiegiert is coming over for a month from the Paris Palais de Glace to give lessons. A fortnight later the Brighton Ice Rink will open, and also the club in connection with it, of which ladies, as well as gentlemen, may be members. The subscription is five guineas a year, and the entrance fee is to be remitted in the case of the first 500 members.

The exhibition of the Queen's Jubilee presents at the Imperial Institute promises to be a very interesting one. It is expected to open about the middle of October, and though there will be no formal ceremony, the Prince of Wales is expected to be present. Sir Frederick Abel is classifying and cataloguing the exhibits, in his capacity of secretary and director of the Imperial Institute. Some of the Queen's presents are unique, and could never, if lost or destroyed, be replaced. Consequently, they are to be heavily insured, and will be strictly guarded by police while on view to the public.

The King of Siam celebrated his forty-fourth birthday at Taplow Court, on Tuesday. The rejoicings lasted for three days, and included a dinner party of seventy and a garden party. The King's two younger sons are at Taplow during their holidays from Harrow, and as they are allowed to invite as many of their schoolfellows as often and for as long as they like, the daily dinner party extends into indefinite numbers. Even the capabilities of Taplow Court are found to be insufficient. Hospitality appears to be one of King Kalulungkorn's numerous good qualities.

His Majesty is thoroughly enjoying his quiet time at Taplow Court, and all the daily arrangements are as domestic and homely as can be. Some of the suite are lodged at the Queen's Head, a quaint little inn nearly opposite the gates of the Court, and all day long there is coming and going, and the young Princes ride around on their bicycles quite unattended and like any English boys. One hundred of the crew of the Royal yacht are quartered in the Gymnasium, and they are a fine sturdy lot of men. The decorations for the birthday reception were simple and effective, many garlands and oil lamps being tastefully arranged. The festivities, however, were considered private, not official, and part of the simple family life the King is now enjoying.

Taplow is at present a centre of attraction, yet there is nothing in the way of mobbing. The suite are able to go in and out of the cosy little inn without annoyance, and the King drives about almost unobserved.

A propos of baronets, it seems strange to read that the personality of the late Sir Charles Goring has been sworn as under £45. His successor in the title is a tobaccoist in Tamworth. His story resembles in some respects that of the new Earl of Egmont. Sir Harry Velverton Goring's father, having married the eldest daughter of the third Lord Avonmore, went to New Zealand, and became private secretary to Sir Charles Grey, then governor of that colony, and continued to hold the post to successive governors for thirty years, when he retired on a pension. The present baronet, his eldest son, being inclined to military life, enlisted as a private in the 12th Suffolk, in 1860, at the age of nineteen. He was made sergeant in India in 1869. Eventually he was appointed clerk to the officer commanding the 19th Brigade Depot, at Lichfield, and retired in 1886 on a pension of 25s. 6d. a week. As he had a wife and a large family, he started a tobaccoist's shop, and has been seven years in the business. His eldest son, heir to the baronetcy, is managing a sheep farm in New Zealand. His eldest daughter is clerk in a local post office, and her four younger brothers are engaged in factories in the district.

Silverlands, the well-known county seat of the late Mr. Hankey, M.P., near Chertsey, Surrey, has just been sold by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, of Albemarle Street, London, W., to Mr. Philip Waterlow, eldest son of Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart. It consists of a commodious mansion with lovely old grounds, a beautiful park, extensive woodlands and farmlands, covering in all about 400 acres.



MONDAY: I spent the morning in watching the leaves fall from the trees, and the afternoon in reading a long letter from Trixie, who is scouring Paris from north to south, and from east to west, for news of the latest fashions. She writes:—

"There are two styles of frocks in Paris, and these will, no doubt, obtain in London in the coming winter. One has the pouched bodice which we loved in the spring, but made with a slight difference, inasmuch as the fullness in the back is limited to the extreme centre. The other style is the Princess, which experts tell me is to be modified shortly into the polonnaise gown. The materials in Paris are all of the richest. A novelty which might please you is of plaid silk with a raised frisé design in black upon it. I cannot conscientiously say that I admire it very much, but it is new. Frisé velvet is to be met making many costumes entirely. This in black has charms, especially when the skirt is well cut to hang in long folds and the bodice is made in the Russian coat style, with revers faced with broad-tail, and showing a vest of real lace. There is much fur on all the clothes, the most popular one being undoubtedly broad-tail, and this obtains in white as well as in black. I saw a coat yesterday which would please you. It was of black broad-tail, faced with white broad-tail, hemmed with sable. The two most perishable furs in existence are broad-tail and ermine, and the prodigal will fix their affections on these. There is also a fancy over here for embroidering revers to fur or velvet coats with much jet over a white appliqué, this appliqué either to be of velvet, fur, or satin.

"Now and then I meet a skirt made with a panel down the centre of the front, and another down the centre of the back, but the plainest variety of skirt obtains the most favour.

"Let me advise you to choose for your autumn costume dark red or grey, or cedar brown or hyacinth blue. Failing either of these to meet with your approbation, then keep to brocaded velvet, black for choice. Plain velvets are much to be seen, but for my part I find velveteen hangs with more elegance.

"All the hats in Paris are made of what I call 'frozen' velvet. It looks like velvet rubbed the wrong way, and then ironed till it assumes the surface of plush. And there is a new process, evolved by machinery, I think, for gathering velvet into little *beuillonnés*, and this is used for vests as well as for hats. I wonder whether this will take the place of the sun-pleating. I think not, but you shall hear all about it in the future. I am staying here for another two weeks. Oh! and, by the way, before I close this letter, let me tell you of the latest novelty in cosmetics; at least, I should not call them cosmetics—it is an unworthy title.

"The art of beautifying your complexion is attended to now by one Dr. Dys, whose methods are eminently simple, and yet most satisfactory. You place one of his wonderful sachets in the water before you wash, and should time have been unkind enough to supply you with wrinkles, you place over these for about ten minutes a mysterious-looking bag, which is called a *bandelette*, and when you move it you will find scarcely a trace of a line left. You can only get these wonderful things from the Maison d'Arcy, Rue d'Anjou. Now don't say I have never given you any valuable information, and remember I am,

"Yours always,
"TRIXIE."

THURSDAY: London has its own again—I am established here for three weeks. Nellie and Tom have asked me to stay with them. They disdain a house of their own, feeling this merely a common possession, and have taken up their abode in a suite in a hotel which shall be nameless.

To-night we went to the melodrama at Drury Lane, and I wanted a bicycling frock there made in black and white check, worn with a bright yellow tie. I also had hankering after a

yellow cloak, lined with ermine. A new evening cloak is one of the desires of most folks at the moment. Black satin appears the most generally popular, but there were quite five black satin cloaks in the stalls to-night, most of them showing trimmings of an appliqué of white lace and a collar and cuffs of chinchilla.

There was a very charming grey dress with a grey tulle hat; and a river dress, which pleased me very much, was of white serge, with a waistcoat of black and white striped silk, the collar and belt of emerald green, this being crowned with a bright emerald green hat, with a ruching of shaded greens round the crown and a bunch of cocks' feathers at one side. Green is really my favourite colour at the moment; so that it be very bright, it is most becoming. I committed the extravagance of a green toque this afternoon, made of the new rough-haired



GREEN PLAID DRESS WITH VELVET BODICE.



A GREEN VELVET TOQUE.

canvas stuff. This is rather nice, and will lend itself to wear with a plaid dress, or a green dress, or a blue dress.

Nellie wore a lovely black bodice this evening, entirely made of net, thickly traced with jet paillettes. The sleeves were long and transparent, also made of this net, and she had her new pearls round her neck. Why has not fortune favoured me with pearls of the biggest and the best—they are so becoming; indeed, they are the indispensable accompaniment to every woman's throat. Happily we live in the days when the Parisian Diamond Company supplies the Orient pearls, which bear an unmistakable look of sincerity on their smooth iridescent surface.

We went out to supper after the theatre, and were amazed to find that there were sufficient people to be interesting. After all, London is not empty. There was rather a good frock in our vicinity, made of rose-pink satin, covered with net, striped with black velvet ribbons. There seems to be no costume on earth at the moment which is not trimmed with black velvet ribbons.

IN THE GARDEN.

WE gave in COUNTRY LIFE of September 11th a view of the beds in the Oxford Botanic Garden, with the tower of Magdalen College rising in the background. The present illustration depicts the lower fountain, and makes a charming picture, in which water plants grow in delightful confusion, hiding almost the fountain basin with their abundant leafage. We like the two pillars in the distance, caressed with ivy, reminding one of what we have seen in the glorious garden at Bulwick. Fountains are not as a rule pretty objects, nor stonework of any kind, unless carefully placed and not overdone. The gardens of the Crystal Palace are a severe object lesson in the misuse of stonework. We seek flowers in a garden, not sculpture. Beautiful works of art in stone should in our climate be seen under cover, not in a fair garden of flowers.

THE DAFFODIL.

It is proper to write of this—a fair flower of spring—as September and October are certainly two of the best months for planting. Bulbs planted before September is over invariably give the finest flowers both in colour and form. Of course, it is easy to understand this. A bulb is a thing of life. It contains the embryo flower and a store of nourishment to supply it during early life. When left in warm cupboards, paper bags, and similar receptacles, it gradually loses plumpness, and the flowers are necessarily poorer than if the bulb had been planted when in fresh condition. Daffodils enjoy a friable soil, that is, soil neither heavy nor light, but it must be a poor garden in which the stronger varieties will not thrive. Plant the bulbs between three inches and four inches deep, and in various positions. It is a mistake to confine them to the mixed border, where, of course, in good groups they are enjoyable, but they are pretty, too, at the foot of trees, in shrubbery recesses, and in the meadow.

REMARKS ABOUT CULTURE.

One often hears complaints of Daffodils not flowering, and the reason usually is because they are not lifted enough. Once in two or three years is the time,

unless it is seen that they are happy in their present position, the flowers showing no signs of deterioration. Lift them when the leaves have died down, and replant again at once. The soil must be free from lumps of manure, and if damp, as happens in low meadow lands, plant them about three inches deep. Daffodils are charming bulbs to grow in pots for the spring. Put five good bulbs in a pot, and cover over with well-sifted coal-ashes, until required for hastening into flower, but very good results come from simply potting the bulbs, and keeping them in a cool greenhouse. Even a sunny window will agree with them.

VARIETIES.

The only native Daffodil is *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*, of which there are many beautiful varieties. It would occupy too much space to describe every section, but we will point out generally the best kinds. The bicolor group is conspicuous for the robust aspect of the flowers and bold colouring. To it belong the well-known *Horsfieldi*, *Empress*, *Michael Foster*, *Grande*, *J. B. M. Camm*, *variiformis*, and *George C. Barr*, all good garden varieties, especially the two first-named. Of the golden-coloured type we have *Ard Righ* (very early), *Countess of Annesley*, *Golden Spur* (a handsome early kind), *Henry Irving*, *Glory of Leyden*, *Captain Nelson*, and *Emperor*, which is, perhaps, the finest of all. *Maximus* is a glorious colour, rich orange yellow, and the "trumpet" or centre is splendidly shaped, but unfortunately the bulbs are somewhat erratic in flowering. Three gems are *N. minor*, *N. nanus*, and *N. minimus*. The two former are very dwarf, but strong and free. *Minimus* is a jewel, a dainty miniature Daffodil, happy in a nook of the rock garden. A delightful species is *N. cyclamineus*, a small flower with a long cylindrical tube-like centre, rich yellow, and very early. It enjoys a moist spot, where Kingcups are at home.

THE STAR DAFFODILS

charm us with their tender beauty. They belong to the group called *N. incomparabilis*, and number over a hundred varieties. The writer thinks this the most graceful group in the Daffodil family, to it belonging the well-known *Sir Watkin*, *Queen Bess*, *Beauty*, *C. J. Backhouse*, and others. Not far removed from this group is the *Barri* section, in which we have such gems as *Conspicuous* and *Maurice Vilmorin*. *Burbidgei* and the lovely *Leedsii* groups are full of graceful varieties. The *Poet's Narcissus* is as fair as any, the earliest in bloom being the fragrant *ornatus*, which is used so largely for Easter decorations. The type flowers later, and then we have the crimson-centred *recurvus*. In meadow, border, and pots, the *Poet's Daffodil* is welcome.

THE MOON DAISY.

A beautiful flower opening now is the Moon Daisy (*Pyrethrum uliginosum*), a tall perennial plant with loose clusters of white flowers surmounting the leafy stems. The flowers are like big white Paris Daisies, and gleam like silver in the soft light of an autumn evening. It is a plant to naturalise, permitting the vigorous roots to spread freely, or occupy some damp spot, even near water. It enjoys moisture, and will run riot in a damp ditch.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions on flowers, fruits, vegetables, or the laying out of gardens, addressed to the Editor. An addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.



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